PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Vol. 7 No. 3 35p

PENTHOUSE OPENS RESORT HOTEL

ANTHONY BURGESS (CREATOR OF "CLOCKWORK ORANGE") INTERVIEWED

PET OF THE YEAR PLAYOFF

PARIS FOR RAKES— THE LUSTIEST GUIDEBOOK YET

MILES DAVIS, ETERNAL INNOVATOR, EXPLAINS

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PENTHOUSE

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FEATHER

As foreshadowed last month, Penthouse now inaugurates the selection of the first-ever international Pet of the Year. On page 61 we present our annual poll preliminary, the Pet Playoff. In this feature the choice is narrowed to a troika of comely contenders, whose popularity—as indicated by appraisals offered by eager Pet partisans—puts them clear ahead of the field. Those eligible are the Pets of the Month appearing in issues from vol 5 no 6 to vol 6 no 4 inclusive. As explained last month, this unorthodox span has the happy effect of bringing our two editions into phase, so that Pet of the Year, instead of being shared by two titleholders, becomes a single superlative for U.K. and U.S. editions alike. One regrettable, but non-recurring, side-effect is to disqualify from consideration those Pets who adorned the first four issues of vol 5. We offer our condolences on the lost opportunity of these ill-used lovelies, but it's the inevitable price of upgrading our annual Pet accolade. Another important new Penthouse development announced in this issue is the advent of **The Penthouse Adriatic,** a holiday resort complex of unique appeal and potential, with full casino facilities (page 52). This is the second Penthouse venture in the field of sophisticated catering and entertainment, and follows the swift acceptance of the Penthouse Club in Mayfair. Under the requirements of the British gaming laws we have not been able to report on the Club's activities in Penthouse, but while the Club's gaming licence is in abeyance it is possible to remind readers that the International Restaurant, the Speakeasy and the Piano Bar continue to add up to the most

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A

appealing rendezvous in London. There's now live music and a new menu in the Restaurant and an evening discotheque in the Speakeasy, which of course still has the best executive lunch in town. For readers wishing to join the Penthouse Club there's an application form and further details on page 86. In this issue we interview, in true international tradition, an underrated English author now making his name in America: **Anthony Burgess,** who wrote *A Clockwork Orange* (page 32). Burgess's departure from Britain in 1968 (he has now settled in Rome) provoked criticism in journalistic circles, but he tells us that it was largely caused by Britain's unreasonable and penal tax laws for authors. Anyway, he says, it was too gloomy here, and he works better in sunshine. A man of thoughtful and sometimes surprising views, he was interviewed by **George Malko,** a young New York freelance who coincidentally has recently had an option on a screenplay of his taken up by Max Raab, executive producer of the film of *A Clockwork Orange.* **Leonard Feather,** the noted jazz authority, surveys a contrasting personality in his exhaustive study of the awkward and explosive Miles Davis, whose latest music is pulling young audiences as unfailingly as did his bop-era sound (page 26). Feather, jazz-struck since his teens, is an emigré Englishman, an international touch shared by **James Blish,** award-winning sci-fi writer, who contributes our short story (page 34). Blish is a New Yorker who came to England in 1968 and is now settled near Henley-on-Thames. Then there's **Allan H. Mankoff,** who is an American of English parentage. On page 73 we begin an extract from *Mankoff's Lusty Europe,* a candid guidebook which he says has occupied "the best (and worst) part" of his last five years. A former Madison Avenue copywriter, he was co-producer of the award-winning play *The Premise,* and notes that he was once a carnival fire-eater.—**H.F.**

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these may be witheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB. Correspondents will be asked to confirm authorship by signing and returning a verification form. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially. Penthouse reserves the right to refer surplus letters for publication in its companion periodical Forum Magazine.

Heil for Leather

What the hell is happening in the minds of ad execs to push "goosestep" Nazi-type leather zaparoonies, complete with non-Indian swastikas in the border design (*Heil for Leather,* vol 6, no 11)? Hip me in, sweetheart! I may be getting octagonal in my old age, but the Romantic point of this sends nanoquivers up my coccyx.

Militaristic symbolism among the younger muthers is interesting, but John Taylor's copy strikes me as 83% bullshit. Well-written bullshit, however. In fact, I wish I had read the copy before I bubbled over at the visuals. Nevertheless, my guess is that the reason younger blokes dig WW-II (et give or take a few other battles elsewhere) gear is not because of the straight-on militaristic symbolism, but because of the clear "camp" of the act. As camp, it's nutty. This is the point that might have better been stressed. With this theme, the visuals could have swung like a mono-tined fork, backwards through Time and fully spaced out of historical overload.

My only serious question is: What the hell is the cat on page 65 doing smoking a Woodbine? *E. Roy Crutch, Walton Road, Aylesbury, Bucks.*

Smoking a Woodbine.—Ed.

Why racing drivers die

Timeri Murari's article on race drivers (vol 6 no 11), among other errors, refers to the driver's heart racing at 200 beats a minute. After Jochen Rindt's lurid spin in practice for the Indianapolis 500, where the accelerator jammed while he was travelling at approximately 200 mph, he steered the spinning Eagle into the retaining wall, tearing both

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

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right-hand wheels off. This allowed the engine revs to exceed 12,000 and the car exploded. He then had to wait until the car had slowed sufficiently to allow him to jump out. His pulse rate, however, was found to be just beats above the normal.—*Bill Crossland, National College of Food Technology, Weybridge, Surrey.*

Slavery Watchdog

I would like to make it clear that in the interview I gave on slavery (vol 6 no 10) there are two passages in which I am incorrectly reported.

In telling Nicholas Swingler the story of trying to find a seconder for a resolution to implement the Supplementary Convention on Slavery & Similar Practices I said that the delegate, whose words I remember and have often quoted, replied: "I will not waste your time by so much as reading your draft resolution. We have no slavery in Pakistan: but we have some good neighbours who have plenty of slavery in their countries and I have no intention of embarrassing them". I did not use the word "dishonest", nor did I at any time suppose that the delegate had been aware of what was later revealed. In fact, I consider that he was being more candid than most. Elsewhere in the interview there is the statement that a correspondent had a hand cut off in an investigation, which I cannot relate to anything that I said.—*Col. Patrick Montgomery, Secretary, The Anti-Slavery Society, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.*

Nicholas Swingler writes: "I regret these misunderstandings. Apologies to Colonel Montgomery and to the delegate he mentioned".—Ed.

Conjugal rights

Please excuse a female writing to you, but the letter headed "Male Liberation" in vol 6 no 11 made me quite mad. How about a frigid husband like mine who, if I'm "good" and wait on him hand and foot, may give me sex every five weeks or so, and takes the dog to bed with him instead of me. Moreover, he's eight years younger than me.

I'm not houseproud and I have all the sexy gear he likes, so what do I do? I have rebelled and now do an evening job so I don't have to sit there and get frustrated watching the blinking tele.—*Mrs. V. B. (name and address supplied), Harrow, Middx.*

All the way

I found your pictures of Miss Carole Augustine (vol 6 no 11) excellent. But please do not treat your readers as children. No-one could have taken either the photograph on page 35 or the centrespread in the position in which Carole is posed without showing at least the outer part of the female genitals—which, in my opinion, is the most erotic part. There is no need for your beautiful models to expose the most intimate interior of these parts, but to show us grown adults a female with her legs in such a position and then to hide just a suggestion of the ultimate by simulated pubic hair is absurd.

You will spoil nothing by giving your readers what I suggest – it would not be obscene or indecent. After all, we must recognize a female by what she has, otherwise she becomes neuter and of no interest.—*G.F. (name and address supplied), Norwich, Norfolk.*

Penthouse paints none of its lilies. We printed what the camera saw.—Ed.

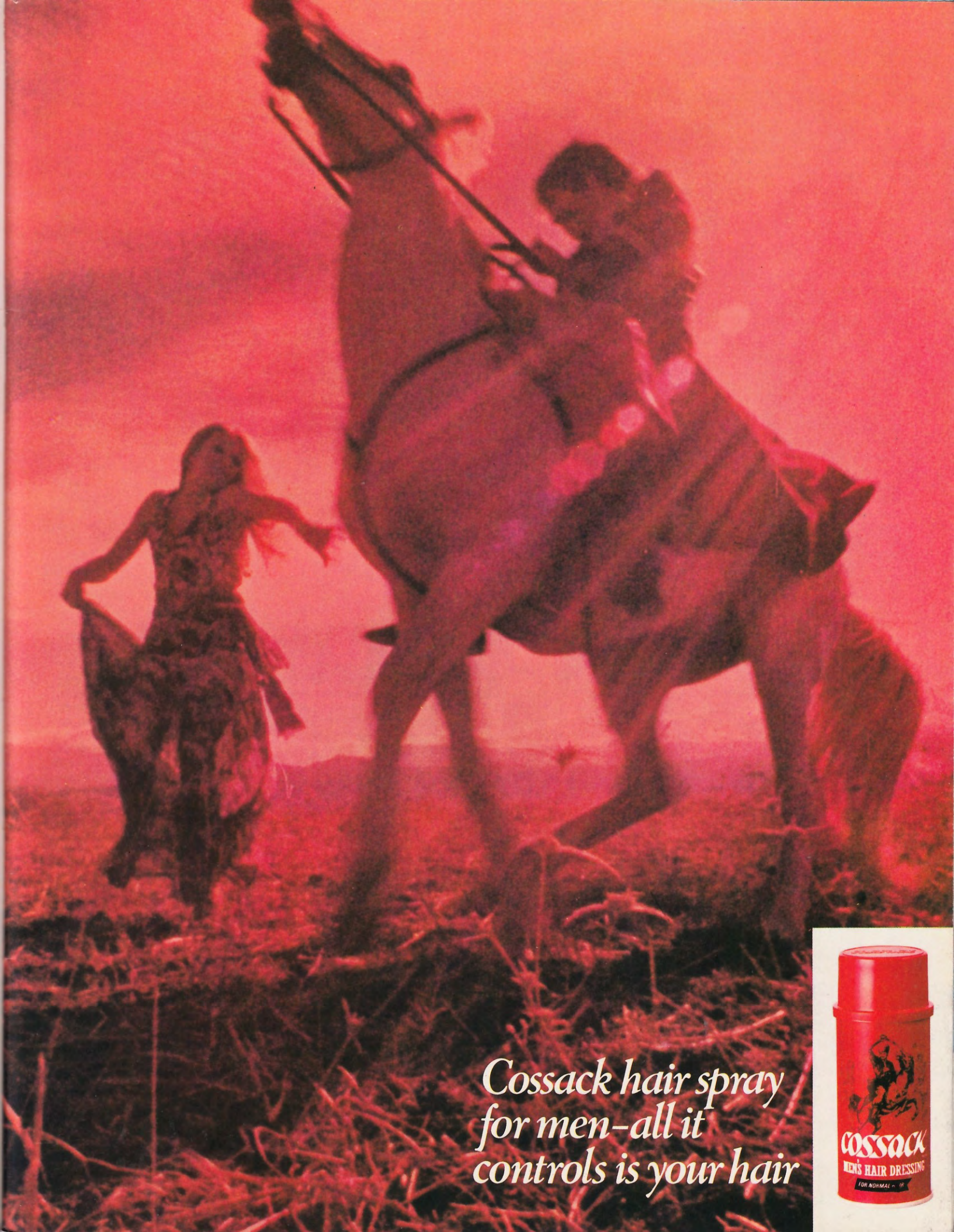
Getting knotted

Further to the letter from A.L. of Woolwich (vol 6 no 11), may I make the following comments on our fettered trends:

I must confess there's nothing faint
Or lacking zest about the plans
Of those who revel in restraint—
In short, the human bondage fans.
Erotic romps seem incomplete
Until some dominating peach
Secures her lover's hands and feet
And firmly settles down to teach
Her tethered pet, with prods emphatic
On tender regions tautly chained,
That if he keeps her quite ecstatic
The mayhem may be more restrained . . .
But now we have some Forum chaps
(No masochists, we must agree)
Demanding pre-shrunk, fleece-lined straps—
Yes: thongs ain't wot they used to be . . .
It's true a gag may still subdue
A fainting victim's plaintive cries,
And blindfold mar his close-up view
Of pantie frills and nyloned thighs,
But rubber pads and webbing gear
Might well permit a man's defiance,
Where cords more cuttingly severe
Could coax a swift and keen compliance.
Discerning damsels all delight
In seeking somewhere soft to sit,
And where seats tend to fight (or bite)
The fetters force them to submit.—*B.C. (name and address supplied) Plymouth, Devon.*

Stand up for satisfaction

I have been surprised to see so little discussion of coital positions in your columns, and especially not to find the Women's Lib contingent urging the advantages of the vertical, or standing position. Horizontal positions deprive whoever is on the bottom of freedom of motion and mobility, leaving control of depth of penis-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MEN'S HAIR DRESSING

vagina engagement almost entirely in the hands of the upper partner. If people lie on their sides neither has much mobility. The vertical position, on the other hand, provides each partner with an equal degree of mobility, plus unique opportunities for sensations that are difficult or impossible in horizontal positions.

For most couples it is necessary for the woman to stand on something. My experience is that it should be high enough for the penis to reach about half-way into the vagina when both parties stand with unbent knees. Depending on relative sizes, this might be a chair, a stairstep, or a footstool. Since men are normally likely to want to hurry things along more than women, it is very nice if the woman can slow things down a little by simply moving up and down the same way the man does, while she may, at any time, speed things up a little by moving in the opposite direction.

Another great advantage of this position is that it permits the woman to "bear down" on the penis, increasing the friction between the penis and the clitoris, and also that between the glans penis and the wall of the vagina, thus increasing the intensity of the feeling for both parties. In the horizontal positions the man can pull down hard on the woman's shoulders, but it is fatiguing for both partners, and there is almost nothing the woman can do unless she is pretty athletic.

I enjoyed one woman for over ten years who was able to bear down by arching her back into an exaggerated lordosis position, causing more and more pressure on the clitoris and the glans, until the penis would snap right out. I never investigated how much bending was done by the vagina and how much by the penis, but all I know is that it is so exciting to both partners that it promotes the most violent orgasms. One risk is that one or both partners will be so violently seized that they cannot stand up. Generally this results in no harm unless both partners get hit that way at just the same time, and then one has simply to fall down, which we did more than once.

Like almost any other kind of sex, this requires for best results that the partners be pretty well matched, pretty well acquainted (or practised together) and reasonably considerate of one another. I first learned of its advantages, as I suspect have others, because it is so well adapted to clandestine sex, but I soon came to prefer it in any circumstances.—*W.W. (name and address supplied), Harper, Vermont, U.S.A.*

Measuring up

I have been subscribing to Penthouse for about six months and find it a thoroughly absorbing magazine: congratulations to you all—which is more than I can say to some of the male contributors to your Forum. For example, S.W. of Cheshire in vol 6 no 11 complains about the size of his "tool". I should have thought that he has quite an average size. What does he want to do with it—make holes for goalposts? I wonder what some of the degraded "tools" think about their owners?

I'm not over-endowed, certainly no larger than S.W., but I do know that my girlfriend and I have had many ecstatic hours of sexual satisfaction. My God, what's wrong with all those "mini-moaners"? So there are some women who might think they prefer the proverbial 10 ins x 6 ins or whatever, but make full use of what you have and I can assure you you'll find that size is irrelevant. For instance, how many times have you "brought a woman off" with just your finger? Or your tongue? Or the tip of your nose? Have you even tried? Correct foreplay on the part of both partners will most certainly end in absolute sexual repleteness for both, regardless of penis size.

It's not so long ago that I too thought that an enormous chopper was all that mattered: now I know that's bullshit. I also thought that making love was merely a super de luxe method of masturbation—boy, have I learnt! I shouldn't be at all surprised if a good 75% of the men who complain about having a small tool are in reality subconsciously ashamed of the way they use it. Then again, they could well belong to the Narcissus group who only wish they had something larger so that they can admire it in front of a mirror. Remember: a good workman never blames his tool!—*A. J. Paul (address supplied), St. Peter Port, Guernsey, C.I.*

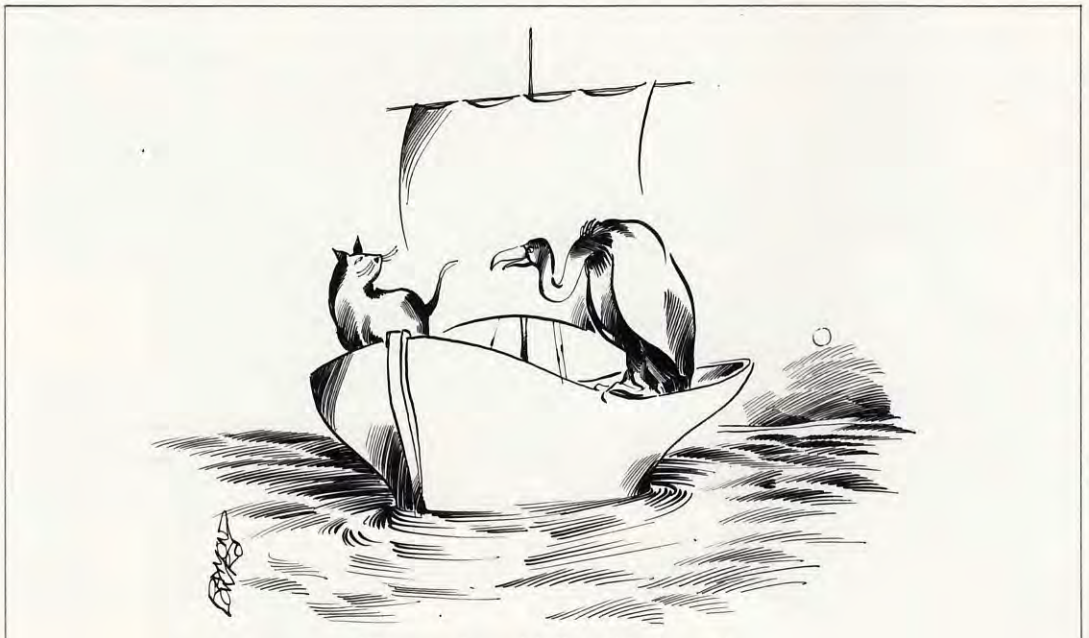
Who starts it?

I have been reading your fascinating magazine for some time and have always found the letter pages of particular interest. The letters I read most avidly are those which you head "Who starts it?". In my case, I can only blame myself. I was between 13 and 14 at the time. My sexual parts had always interested me (they still do) and I had masturbated since I was about 10. But at the time I am talking of I began to notice my pubic hair growing and one afternoon during the Easter holiday I suddenly felt this terrific urge to show someone what was happening to my body. The feeling was very intense and a great surge of excitement went through me.

The nearest person at the time was Barry, my 16-year-old cousin, who lived next door. I found him pottering about with his bike in the garden shed. When I look back at it now I am amazed at my own boldness. We'd been talking for some minutes when I suddenly blurted out "Barry, look at this!", raised my skirt, pulled down my navy blue knickers and gave him a full view. Barry's mouth literally dropped open and he just stood and gazed. He seemed to be breathing heavily. Suddenly a feeling of guilt swept over me and I quickly covered myself again.

That was not to be the end of it, though. A few days later Barry called at our house when he knew I was alone. After a while, during which he seemed very nervous, he said, "Let me see inside your knickers again". I was not keen at first but he insisted, and his pleading began to excite me so I went through my performance again. He came up close to me and got on his knees to have a better look. Then he stood up and, unfastening his trousers, said: "See mine". His penis, the first I had seen, was fully erect and he guided my hand to hold it. Soon he was feeling me too. After that there were no holds barred. We spent the whole afternoon playing with each other, exploring and finding out things. I think he came at least six times and I was highly excited too. It turned out to be a great Easter—we spent all our time trying to be alone to continue our discoveries.

Did I say I had only myself to blame? I should have said "thank"!—*Pauline M. (name and address supplied), Musselburgh, Midlothian, Scotland.*



"The owl couldn't make it. . . ."

Spankers of the world, unite!

For several years I have noticed how many letters you receive from readers about spanking. Certainly men as well as women like to have their bottoms spanked, and so I have decided to found "The Spanked Children's Club". I remember that in 1941 a Mrs. Lora Lane of Sioux City, America, founded a club for wives whose husbands spanked them regularly. Women who were beaten, or only slapped on the face, were not allowed to join—it was strictly for wives who were spanked. But why only wives? Some big children are spanked also and should have their own club—and here I mean "children" in its widest sense, so that adults can join as well.

When love is the law at home, spanking is not an ill-treatment but a valuable lesson. We do not wish

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

If she knew you were wearing Levi's she'd cut you out of her will

Mister Levi's. Proper trousers. Neat smart trousers with all the fit, freedom and comfort of Levi's jeans.

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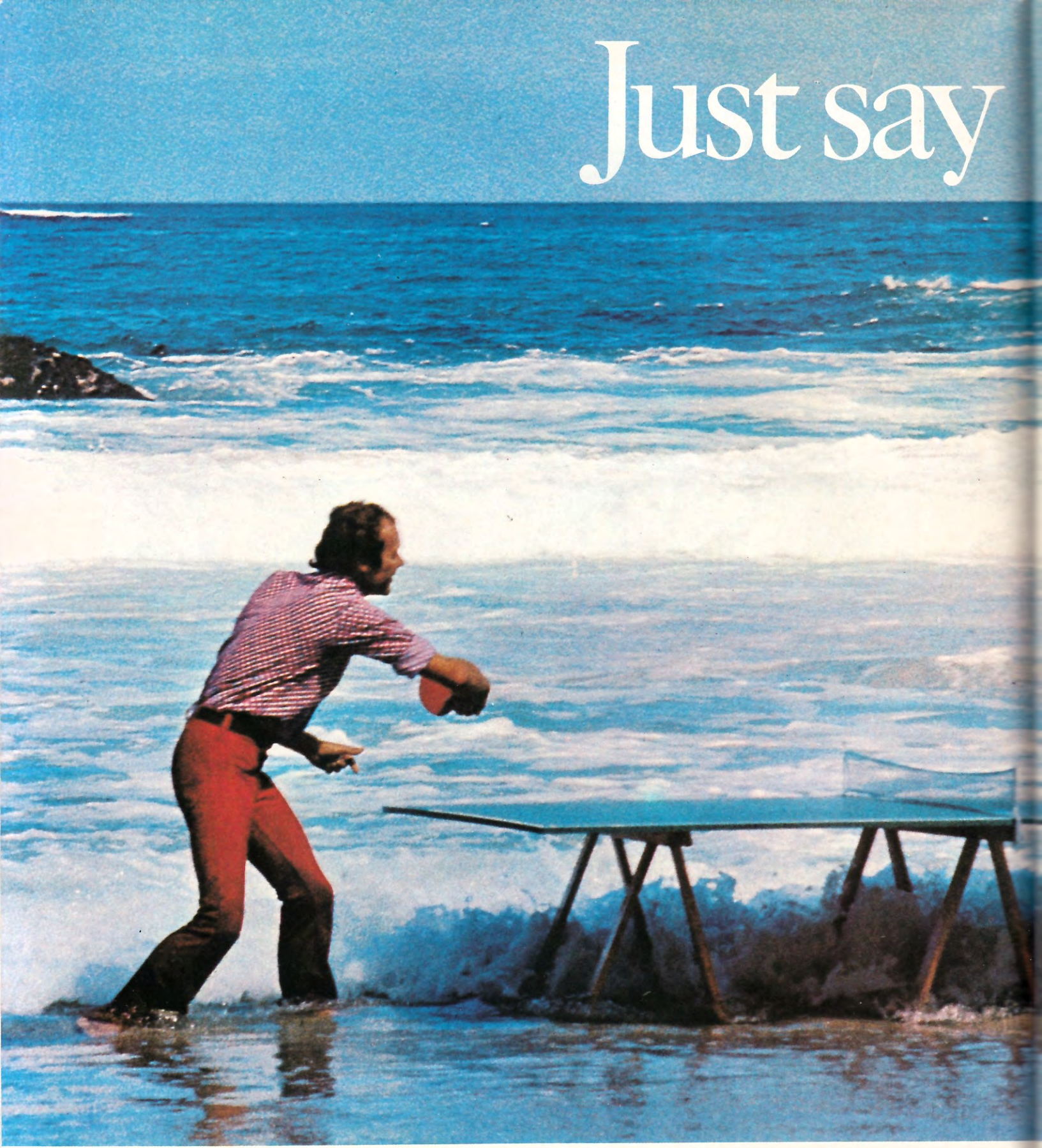
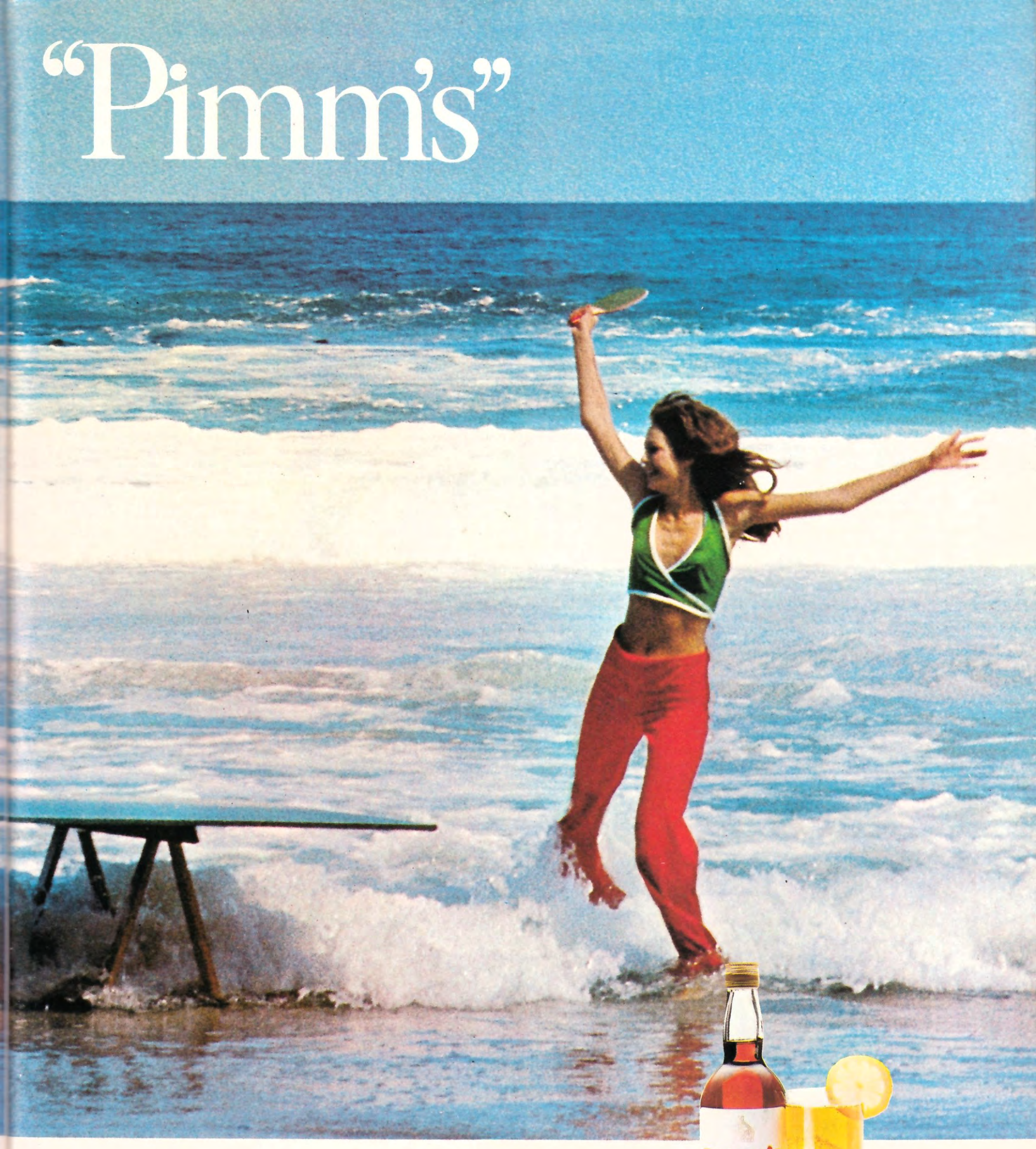


and suddenly

"Pimm's"



it's Summer

Her clothes chosen by Vogue.

to appeal to masochists, but only to those who, being spanked, can take such deserved punishment in good spirit and afterwards laugh at it and themselves. Not a case of child slavery, but of fair discipline. Thus we can do away with the idea of the old bogeyman terrorizing poor children with his fearful rod. There is no reason why wives shouldn't spank their husbands just as much as the other way around. In an old popular song a bustling wife tells her husband: "Pull down your trousers: I can learn you to remember it". Schoolgirls used to enjoy singing this chorus in front of boys, to laugh at their embarrassment.

The perfect attitude is summed up in the comedy *My Dear Children* by Catherine Turney and Jerry Horwin. There the girl Cordelia (who is over 20) is given a spanking by her father, and afterwards she says: "It's the best thing that ever happened to me". I hope many men and women, of all ages, having the humility to still call themselves "children" will think like Cordelia when they take a spanking, and agree with the idea of a "Spanked Children's Club".—*Jean L'Escolier (address supplied), Marseille 6, France.*

A room with a view

Regarding your recent article on erotic fantasies (vol 6 no 10), I wish to relate an adventure of mine. I live in a college dorm facing a girls' dorm which is several hundred yards away. By using a pair of high-power binoculars I can plainly see into these girls' room. Because the shade is never closed, every night my roommates and I jockey for position to see the girls undress and perform their nightly ritual. One girl is almost obese, with very large breasts, and the other is very small though with breasts much larger than normal for her size. Each night they perform acts of lesbianism, including cunnilingus in a 69 position. Sometimes the large girl stands in front of the window fully exposed and rubs her nipples on the screen while the other girl passionately kisses her entire body until she climaxes. Then the large one applies some type of ointment over the small girl's breasts and vaginal area (which, by the way, is shaved) and eagerly licks it all off.

Needless to say, my roommates and I become roused. Not engaging in regular fellatio or sexual intercourse, we have set our minds to more creative ways of expressing our feelings. These many methods include climax by vibrating massager or by using short bursts of electricity from a low voltage regulator. We often have races in which we roll marbles across the room using only our erect penises to propel the marbles. The winner is the one who climaxes first.—*Elmo M. (name and address supplied), Greenville, Pa., U.S.A.*

Fact and fantasy

In welcoming your investigation into erotic fantasies (vol 6 no 10), may I suggest that it would be useful to find out which fantasies have a factual basis and which are based on fiction. In my own case the former provide a far greater stimulus to orgasm; moreover they remain effective for a long time. Fictional fantasies "wear out" quickly. The following examples are in order of increasing power (to me) as a stimulus to orgasm.

1. I visualize myself being stripped by two beautiful naked girls, but there is a stern female in the background with a long whip (my own fiction—not very effective).

2. I think of a case I read of a 15-year-old girl being caned in only a thin cotton petticoat after being sentenced by a magistrate. (Penthouse letter. Could be true—if I knew it was it would be even more stimulating.)

3. My pretty 13-year-old niece describes in detail how her mother spanks her with the hairbrush or strap when she is naughty. How the windows and door of her room are closed to prevent her screams being heard. How her knickers are pulled right down before the whipping. (This really happened, though I didn't see it, and I would never use corporal punishment on my own children—nevertheless a very strong stimulus.)

4. This one is entirely true. I married my cousin. When my sister and I were children, we used to spend part of our holidays at her house. On one occasion my wife-to-be (then about 10) was disobedient and cheeky. Without hesitation her mother made her bend over the arm of a chair in the living room, produced a cane from the sideboard and gave her a sound whipping across the seat of her pink Celanese knickers. This made a tremendous impression on me and still arouses an orgasm today 30 years later.—*A.R. (name and address supplied), Edinburgh, Scotland.*

A report on readers' fantasies will be published in next month's issue.—Ed.

Tee for two

Being an enthusiastic but not-too-skilful golfer, I often find myself in some strange situations on the course. None, however, could match the experience I had on the fifth hole of our university golf course last spring. While playing a round, I hit a drive which went out of bounds near an apartment building. I went over to retrieve the ball and, to my surprise, discovered a young couple engaged in passionate lovemaking.

The man who was clothed, but fully exposed, fled immediately. However, the woman remained, somewhat surprised and embarrassed. She tried to cover herself, but the tight fabric of her blouse, stretched over her rigid nipples, began to arouse me. Not wishing to meddle in other people's affairs, I turned to leave. Just then she called out.

Surprised, I turned around to discover that she had once again exposed her aroused body to my admiring gaze. This inflamed my senses. The delightful danger of discovery, combined with the aroused nature of my partner, gave me the largest erection I'd ever experienced. Seeing my excited condition, she asked teasingly, "Are you man enough to finish what he started?" Needless to say, I needed no other invitation.

After I had achieved climax, however, I found to my dismay that she remained strangely unsatisfied. She slipped to her knees and, pleading for fulfilment, began kissing and caressing my penis, which only dangled limply. Thinking quickly, I took my five iron out of my bag and began teasing her with the moist, tapered, leather grip. She began moaning and opened her thighs in anticipation of things to come.

I placed the leather shaft of the golf club against her lips, and she eased her body down on it. The sight of her writhing body once again caused an erection the size of a telephone pole. I tried to withdraw the wet leather shaft of the golf club from her vagina, but she was unwilling to part with it. I was forced to watch helplessly as she continued, until she was racked by an explosive orgasm, and her body hung limp in my arms. The exciting sight of this beautiful young girl abusing herself in this manner caused the most fantastic orgasm I have ever experienced.

The incident left me so weak and drained, I was unable to finish the round, but I play faithfully each week. I always spend a little extra time on the fifth hole, looking for my onetime partner but I have never seen her again.—*S.P.A. (name and address supplied), Rolla, Mo., U.S.A.*

Sex officio

I work as private secretary to an estate agent and the money is extremely good. There are several other girls in the office. If we are late, rude, careless or just plain idle, the boss keeps a record and if there are two offences in a week, on Fridays, before handing out the pay packet, we get six with a hairbrush bending over the desk. This hurts a lot as we are not allowed to keep our panties on after the first time. The money being so good, we are anxious not to lose our jobs.

Recently, though, a variation was introduced as two of us had somehow made a mess of a rent account and not paid a client over £200 by way of rent. The boss sent for us and said the client was very upset, his auditors having found the error. He said he proposed to cane us both the following Friday unless we decided to give notice. He would be sorry to lose us, but we knew the alternative. We both blushed and he sent us out of his office, telling us to inform him the next morning of our decision. With much apprehension we opted for the cane.

The afternoon came and he sent for both of us and we saw an officer's swagger cane about two feet in length on his desk. He told us we were to receive it on our

There's more to this thing...

BACARDI AND COKE

This is really something.

Bacardi rum and Coke.

The beautiful, classic Bacardi mix with mountains of ice and a twist of lemon. Tall and cool outside, warm and friendly inside.

And here's another great thing...

BACARDI AND PASSION FRUIT

As exciting and as uninhibited as it sounds – a marvellous mix that's naughty but nice.

Throw some ice into a long glass.

Let the crystal-clear Bacardi have its head.

Pour in the passion and add a slice or two of the fruit with a cherry and some mint to keep it company.

Then get together with someone special (it's that kind of drink).

Passion's in fashion.

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bare bottoms and to strip from the waist down. I asked timorously how many strokes and he said 20, but 15 if we were completely naked. Our blouses and bras came off in double quick time! We were then told to kneel facing each other, upright on the studio couch and put our arms around each other. Our breasts were touching and our thighs and bottoms hung loosely. At home my father always made me bend to tighten the skin on the buttocks when he leathered me, but this was different. In this kneeling upright position we were lectured and then alternately received our punishment stroke for stroke, first one for Barbara and then one for me. We clung desperately to each other and each was weeping after three strokes. We felt each other's tears on our shoulders. However, the sensation changed to one of pleasure: our nipples hardened and our pubic areas thrust against each other and, though weeping, we each had an orgasm of great intensity.

Afterwards we received our pay packets which we richly deserved. The marks on our bottoms lasted for three weeks, changing from blue to green before finally fading, and for a week we could each still feel the bruises. However, it was the mutual orgasms which thrilled us. We'll be more careful in future as, if the dose were repeated, it might not be administered in such a painful, pleasurable manner!—*Miss Jean H. (name and address supplied), Exeter, Devon.*

Of human bondage

I was interested to read the letter from Mr A.L. of Woolwich in vol 6 no 11 in which he referred to an earlier letter of mine. I was glad to see a letter from another bondage enthusiast, especially as he has the same initials as myself. Yes, I agree that straps of half an inch width are a little too narrow, but I quoted that size as being the one most easily available from saddlers' shops. Personally I think one inch wide is suitable for most purposes. Those I use have a felt lining firmly attached by adhesive. It is not everywhere that one can find an army surplus disposal shop where webbing can be purchased—however desirable this may be.

My wife and I have been bondage enthusiasts for years, and have a large collection of straps and other means of restraint. Our latest addition is two pairs of steel handcuffs for which we had searched for a long time. These, for restraining the hands, are by far the best, giving maximum security and minimum discomfort, and I recommend them earnestly. We also have vibrators and dildoes, which can provide every imaginable kind of thrill, many beyond words to describe.

Mr A.L. says that his wife almost always assumes the dominant role—does this not suggest a tendency to masochism on his part? My wife and I have always agreed that bondage must be shared equally, and whoever is the "victim" can look forward to the reversal of roles while still enjoying being restrained. Thus masochism and sadism are merely symbolic and not the main purpose.

Some time ago I managed to buy a small country cottage, which we visit most weekends. This has been the principal scene of our bondage exploits, and usually one or other gladly submits to being restrained for lengthy periods, even 24 hours or more. The use of metal handcuffs on these occasions is very desirable, for in addition to lack of discomfort, it enables us to take a bath or shower together—a most enjoyable and exciting experience. Wet leather straps would be most uncomfortable.

We are both looking forward very much to the advent of warm weather. We know of a secluded spot in the country where we are completely free from prying eyes. The combination of bondage and making love in the open air has to be experienced to appreciate its exquisite pleasure. The drive in the car to our destination, with one or other already securely restricted, provides delightful anticipation of the joys to follow.—*A.L. (name and address supplied), Glasgow, C.2.*

Learning the hard way

I have never read your magazine before and probably wouldn't have known about it if my husband hadn't brought home a copy. He just "happened" to leave it lying on the kitchen table. I leafed through the pages while drinking my morning coffee, and when I came to "Bigger is better" (vol 7 no 1) did my face turn red! I'm still blushing! And I felt I just had to send my story to you in the hope it will teach some women (girls) a lesson before they find their marriages crashing as mine almost did.

I was 18 when I was married and I had never been with a man until I met my husband. When our wedding night came I couldn't believe it when I first saw his penis. Erect, it is barely three and a half inches long! (I've measured it since then.) He tried so hard but just could not satisfy me. Even though I had never seen a man's penis before, I knew that most men had larger ones and felt cheated. Not knowing any better, I kidded him about its size and, as the weeks went by, I began taking advantage of him because of it. I just couldn't help myself. When he wanted sex, I would walk around in the nude teasing him. After that, I would take his penis between two fingers and show him that my little finger was larger than his penis even when erect. I had learned to pride myself about my body when I worked as a model in my spare time. I am 5ft 9in tall and my figure (35½-24-36) and weight haven't changed since high school. Often I would have him crawling on the floor in front of me while I made believe I wouldn't let him "have me" unless his penis became longer. It never did. In fact, most of the time it just went limp and I would do things to him I can't imagine doing now. Once I made him wear my panties and then teased him because I was larger "down there" than he was. How he must have hated me! Why he didn't leave me, I'll never know.

Two years ago, when I was 26, we spent a month in Florida. We spent nearly every day on the beach and I always wore as little as possible. I could see that my husband was jealous but he would never say anything about it. Every time a man walked by showing a particularly large bulge beneath his bathing suit I would just sort of stare at it. Naturally, my husband was furious. Well, it was after the first week there that my problems started. That's when we met Connie. She was just 17 and staying with her parents in the same motel as us. She always seemed to be alone much of the time so I invited her to join us on the beach one day. I began to notice that Connie and my husband enjoyed each other's company more than mine. I figured it had to be Connie's fault but, because of her age, I thought of her as a child and treated her like one. It did alarm me that she was extremely good looking, I admit. Her tan was so dark and her breasts were monstrous—I'd say about a 38C.

After two weeks of having Connie around continually, and seeing my husband pay less and less attention to me, I decided to have a talk with her myself. Late one afternoon the three of us walked to the motel and, at the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

PENTHOUSE

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Founded March 1965

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editor & publisher

Associate publisher & editorial director
Harry Fieldhouse

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JUNE

DROP YOUR NICKERS.

We're not asking you to reveal anything more than your common sense.

For a good clean shave you need to use a 'wet' razor. Agreed?

But not all wet shavers are really safe. The blades are thin and bendy. They aren't fixed rigidly. And they can splinter.

As a result, you can get half cut before breakfast.

Or, if you're careful enough to avoid getting nicked, it takes so long you'll probably miss breakfast.

What you need is a razor that's safe at speed.

Here it is.

The Schick Injector shaving system.

We gave it single edge Teflon coated blades. Made in Sweden from stainless steel and thicker than ordinary razor blades to last longer and stay rigid, while also giving an exceptionally finely ground cutting edge. And they click in without fuss from our unique injector loading system.

We mitred the corners for safety and made the blade less wide across, so cornering round the angles of your face is less risky.

The shaving head is made out of chromium plated steel. Strong, sturdy and reliable. Precision engineered to clamp the blade firmly in place at the correct angle to your face. No silly gimmicks.

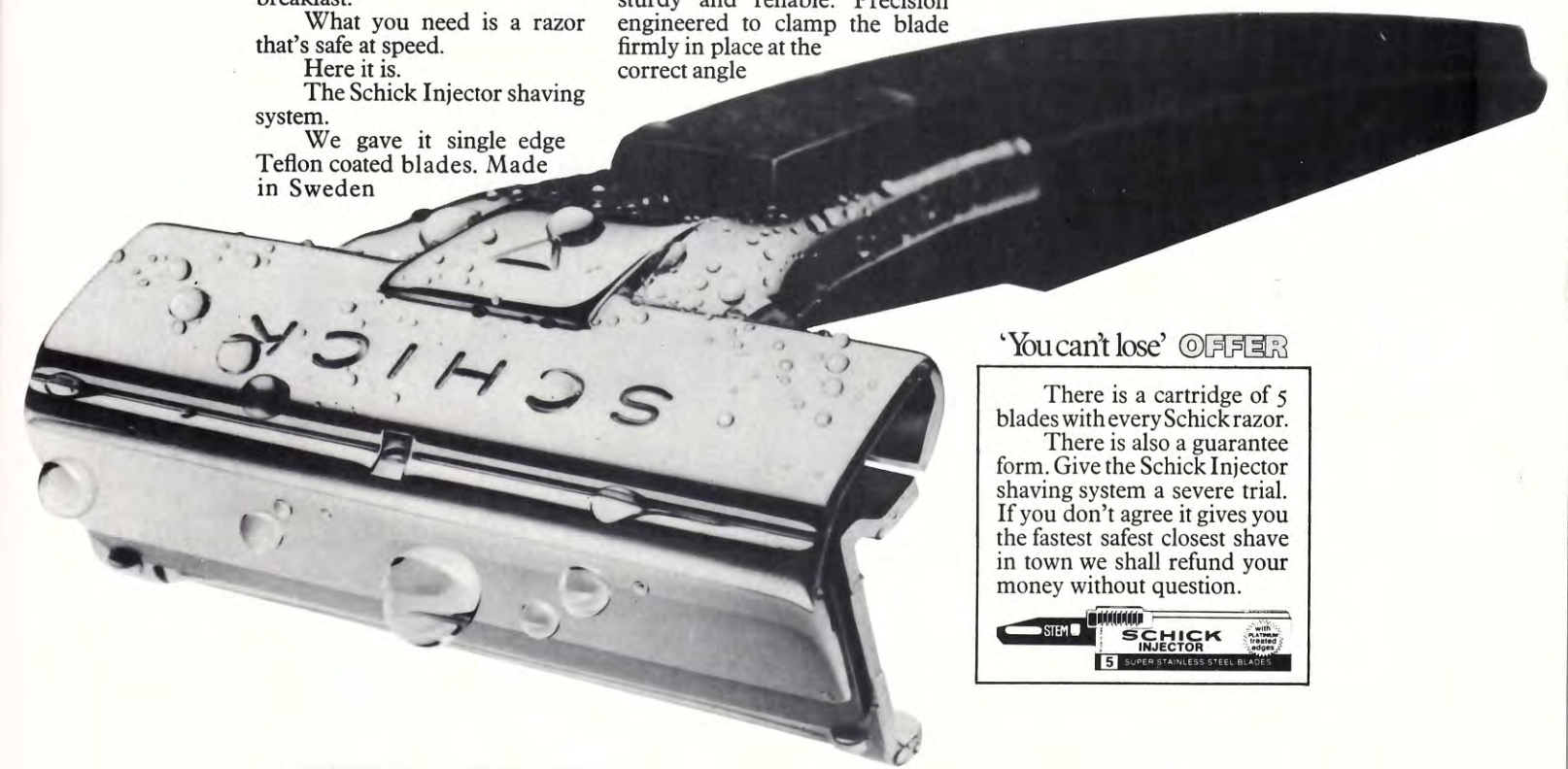
(Why give you an adjustable head when you've got one of your own?)

We gave it a safe protective guard at each end and a milled edge at the front to stretch the skin flat.

And lastly, the light, finely balanced grip makes handling unusually easy.

Try it. Have a change.

And chuck out your old nickers.



'You can't lose' OFFER

There is a cartridge of 5 blades with every Schick razor.

There is also a guarantee form. Give the Schick Injector shaving system a severe trial. If you don't agree it gives you the fastest safest closest shave in town we shall refund your money without question.

THE SCHICK INJECTOR SHAVING SYSTEM.

The fastest safest closest shave in town. Or your money back.

"Gaul.....oises.....Disque.....Bleu."

FRENCH: AS SHE IS SMOKED.
tipped 27½p for 20

PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

Yugoslav hospitality begins at 13·20 every day!

10 direct flights from London to Yugoslavia by DC9s serving Belgrade, Zagreb, Dubrovnik, Pula and Ljubljana.

Aperitifs as they wave goodbye to England. A superb lunch over Europe. And liqueurs while approaching the glories of Yugoslavia. That's the JAT 13.20 from London. NOW! For reservations: JAT Yugoslav Airlines.

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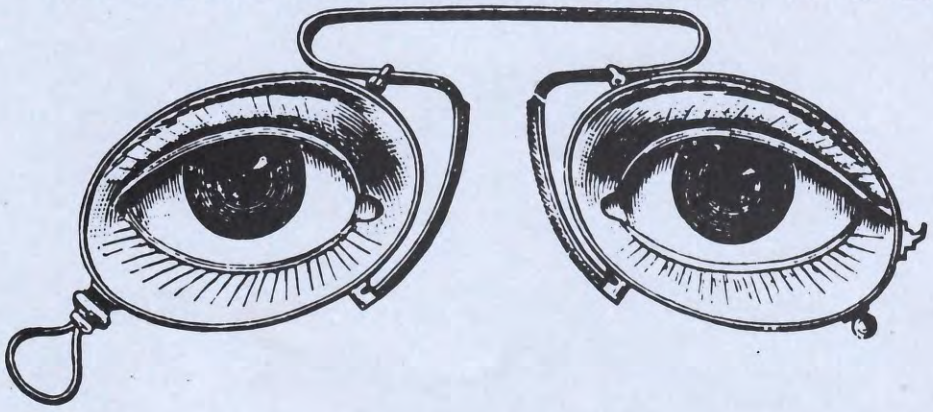
VIEW FROM THE TOP



BATTLE OF THE BULGE

London Transport, which thinks that the capital's entire traffic system should be organized to suit its money-losing buses, also has some quaint ideas on good taste. The poster reproduced here has been barred from the Underground in an 11th-hour pounce. As will be seen, it consists of a straightforward photograph of a gentleman in his underpants (in colour in the original).

Considering that a ride on the average Underground escalator is like running the gauntlet of female tit and bum, Courtaulds could well wonder in what way this innocuous poster of theirs could be held to offend. They got the answer in writing. "It is felt it would be distasteful to the travelling public." The decision, it was added, was "made at the highest level of the Executive".

Picture the board of London Transport poring judicially over this inflaming illustration. I say, hairs on his legs, Mr Chairman. By God, you can see the *bulge*.

Well, it goes a long way to explain why they're so hard-pushed to make a financial go of their public transport monopoly. But how come they pass the bulges in the bra ads?

REDEFINITIONS

Nymphomaniac: bawd out of her mind.
Dildo: a male stand-in.
Multiple orgasm: more than a phew.
Call girl: hallo can a man go?

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Notice to Employees

1 Godliness, cleanliness and punctuality are the necessities of a good business.

2 This firm has reduced the hours of work, and the clerical staff will now only have to be present between the hours of 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays.

3 Daily prayers will be held each morning in the main office. The clerical staff will be present.

4 Clothing must be of a sober nature. The clerical staff will not disport themselves in raiment of bright colours, nor will they wear hose, unless in good repair.

5 Overshoes and top-coats may not be worn in the office, but neck scarves and headwear may be worn in inclement weather.

6 A stove is provided for the benefit of the clerical staff. Coal and wood must be kept in the locker. It is recommended that each member of the clerical staff bring in 4 pounds of coal each day during cold weather.

7 No member of the clerical staff may leave the room without permission from Mr. Rogers. The calls of nature are permitted and the clerical staff may use the garden below the second gate. This area must be kept in good order.

8 No talking is allowed during business hours.

9 The craving for tobacco, wines or spirits is a human weakness and as such is forbidden to all members of the clerical staff.

10 Now that the hours of business have been so drastically reduced, the partaking of food is only allowed between 11.30 a.m. and noon, but work will not, on any account, cease.

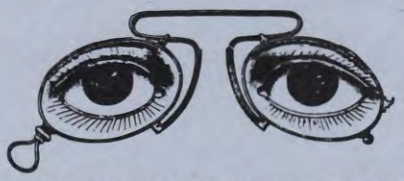
11 Members of the clerical staff will provide their own pens. A new sharpener is available, on application to Mr. Rogers.

12 Mr. Rogers will nominate a senior clerk to be responsible for the cleanliness of the main office and the private office, and all boys and juniors will report to him 40 minutes before prayers, and will remain after closing hours for similar work. Brushes, brooms, scrubbers and soap are provided by the owners.

13 The new increased weekly wages are as hereunder detailed: Junior boys (up to eleven years) 1s. 4d., Boys (to 14 years) 2s. 1d., Juniors 4s. 8d., Junior clerks 8s. 7d., Clerks 10s. 9d., Senior Clerks (after 15 years with owners) 21s.

The owners recognize the generosity of the

Banned: *no underpants for the underground*



new Labour Laws, but will expect a great rise in output of work to compensate for these near Utopian conditions.

Office regulations for a Burnley cotton mill in 1852.

CHEWS YOUR WEAPON

Seen in the men's washroom of a London pub, written on the contraceptives machine: "Definitely the worst chewing-gum I have ever tasted."

NUCLEAR NON-HAPPENING

There's something almost eerie about the unrelieved pattern of losses whenever the state takes to business. A topical example is the atomic power industry, which for reasons of security has been nationalized from the beginning. When you think that atomic energy dates from 1945 it's surely incredible that nearly three decades later a coal strike could plunge Britain into a power crisis.

During that time a vast oil-burning industry has grown up in Britain, overcoming the handicap of transporting the fuel over immense distances, not to mention a discriminatory import tax. The atomic power programme, however, which was going to solve our fuel problems, has produced a mere handful of power stations, making a negligible contribution to the total resources—as the coal strike showed.

A new type of gas-cooled reactor at Dungeness, for which high hopes were held out when it was ordered, should have been functioning last year, but isn't even finished. It will be at least three years late. So not only do we not get the promised power, we don't get overseas orders either. They go to American reactors. For all the talk of Britain's technical lead, the fact is that British atomic power is a flop.

If the state had been responsible for aviation, would we ever have progressed beyond biplanes?

NEVER TRUST ECONOMISTS

Another thing. You let yourself in for a tyranny of experts once you hand over a business to state monopoly. The poor managers, deprived of the competitive variety of a free market, have to rely on "received opinion". And there's always a new example of just how wrong *that* can be.

For years the country has been bored out of its mind by politicians' preoccupation with the national balance of payments, which was usually in deficit. Or so the experts told them. Along comes an independent study showing that we haven't been on the edge of bankruptcy after all—it was all a piece of statistical muddle.

The author is Mr W. A. P. Manser, whose book *Britain in Balance: the Myth of Failure* (Longmans) has silenced the economic pundits. To adapt an old saw, never trust an expert, especially not if he's an economist.

The Fabian Society, historic Socialist study group, has lately published its findings on what Wilson's government actually achieved. You'll remember those sincere talks Harold used to broadcast, in which he was always telling us about how his team was making life better for pensioners and the underprivileged in general. George Brown, poor buffoon, even made a speech in which he asserted that "everybody is better off under Labour"—and he probably thought it was true. After all, he and Wilson were being fed with expert information that told them what they wanted to hear.

The Fabian Society, however, reviews the evidence and finds that it was all wishful thinking. The Wilson government didn't succeed in making the worst-off better off at all. Relatively, nothing changed. That's what you get for listening to experts.

Friends, in this world, you can't leave things to a soul. You just have to rely on yourself—which is what makes it so tough.

RIGHT? WRONG

Continuing the mood of grand philosophy, may we offer a few observations on the "Right to Work" campaign—which looks as though it's going to be around for some time.

All over the country unhappy fellow citizens without jobs, a misfortune always liable to fog the mind, are falling in behind banners demanding the "right to work" and listening to speeches suggesting that somehow this right is being denied to them. Is it, though? And by whom? How can you stop a man from working if he wants to (except with a closed shop)?

Clearly the demonstrators aren't demanding the right to work, because they already have it. What they want is the right to be *employed*, which is something quite different. The "right" they are marching for is a demand that somebody else should launch into business with a commercial idea and take the financial risk, in order to provide jobs for strangers. That's not a right at all, but an abuse of the word—especially when it's backed by unions that wouldn't hesitate to put obstacles into the business's path.

Notice another contradiction in this ill-conceived campaign. The Labour Party, which never has much time for businessmen because it's supposed to advocate socialism, remember, is right behind it. Anything for a vote.

Graphic sex: *how Inge and Sten Hegeler made one sexy picture tell a thousand sexy words*

SCENES

LITERARY LOINS

The old maxim "A picture is worth a thousand words" especially applies to books of sex education and advice, for whatever age group. While many school subjects, including maths and foreign languages, are now increasingly taught by pictorial methods, sexual explanation is still almost completely verbal. One constantly comes across unillustrated wordiness trying to explain for example the geography of the female organs: vulva, vagina, labia majora and minora, cervix, uterus, colon. They all have to be there, and they can be hopelessly confusing in any text, however well defined the terms. Or perhaps it is a discourse on female orgasm: how to give it symphonically with the full orchestra of digits, mouth, penis, pubic bone, *et al.*, accompanied by the special effects department of splints, ticklers and vibrators.

Now these turgid descriptions used to be reasonable when sex books were produced by zoologists and biologists for zoologists and biologists, or psychologists for psychologists. It was even reasonable for Dickinson and Marie Stopes, who were pioneers at a time when technical restrictions prevented graphics in books for mass distribution.

But now, in the Age of Enlightenment,

what call can there be for the rash of books appearing about Masters' & Johnson's famed researches (*Human Sexual Inadequacy* and *Human Sexual Response*) almost totally devoid of illustrations and yet intended apparently to be the popular versions of those sexologists' works? Two offenders are *Understanding Human Sexual Inadequacy* by Belliveau & Richter (Hodder Paperbacks) and *The Nature of Sex* by Lehrman (Sphere). Similarly, Dr David Reuben's *Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex but were afraid to ask* (W. H. Allen) may be a bestseller but, apart from being uncomprehensive and unreliable on many points, it suffers from lack of picture guidance. Robert Chartham's works—*Sex Manners for Older Teenagers* (Corgi), *Advice to Men, Advice to Women, Mainly for Women* (Tandem)—though probably more complex than both Hegelers' and the Reuben's books, also lack pictures that really *illustrate* text. There is all the difference between pictures, which means anything that is not text, and illustrations, which show by picture what is in the text. The line drawings used by the Danish sexologists Stan & Inge Hegeler did little to make the text more comprehensible, but at least it must be said that their *ABZ of Love* series (Neville Spearman, MacGibbon & Kee), dates from a time when even these sketches were a legal hazard.

At last publishers are bringing out mainly picture books on sex, or ones lavishly illustrated, with some explanatory text. *The Lovers* (Charles Skilton) is one example, *Moving Lovers* (André Balland) another; in both of these, sex *vérité* is photographed or narrated to make words seem much less effectual. Mogens Toft's *Sexual Techniques: An Illustrated Guide to Love* (Souvenir Press) was a pioneer in this field and most of the mail order presses like the Julian Press have their counterpart of this book. It is the perfection of editing out all difficulties and complications and giving only the most essential rudiments of sex technique in pictures and bold type.

Dr Philip Cauthery's & Dr Martin Cole's new book *The Fundamentals of Sex* (W. H. Allen) is a compromise between the old type of specialist book on the zoology, biology and anthropology of sex (a very difficult—even with a few diagrams—first part) and a picture sex book. There are photos galore—not only of flaccid and erect penises, female genitalia, and sexual intercourse positions, but also sexual deformities. It is just the kind of book which seems to show that pure picture books on sex are not yet accepted properly as a medium of better education. One imagines that W. H. Allen—if not the authors themselves—felt that to justify the pics they needed to have a solid Victorian introduction on genetics.

Perhaps Drs Cauthery & Cole, the popular press's terrible twins of Birmingham's Institute for Sex Education & Research Ltd., could forward the movement for picture books on all aspects of sex. The next step would be 3-D models —vertical, horizontal, cross section, general elevation, etc—of all sexual subjects possible, either popping out of the page or independently as genuine "sex toys", for both children and adults.

HAPPENINGS

FORTUNE HUNTERS

As a logical extension of the underground involvement with mysticism, meditation, folklore and arcane arts, the newest enthusiasm is the Tarot, the 78-card fortune-telling pack of bizarre pictorial symbols. (It has just been reprinted by Rider and Company, at £2.25 a pack).

The origins of the Tarot are extremely obscure: the pack, though often said to be of Ancient Egyptian beginnings, was probably created in India. But the entire set was completely revised in 1910 by the psychic author Arthur Edward Waite, and redrawn under his direction by the accomplished *art-nouveau* artist Pamela Colman Smith. The pack has therefore the double appeal of being shrouded in ancient mystery, and yet fashionably *fin-de-siècle* in appearance.

There are many different ways of exploring one's future with the Tarot, some of them incredibly lengthy in procedure and rigmarole. But if one does approach it in a none-too-critical way, and is prepared to be co-operative in the process of "having your fortune told", the Tarot, compared with palmistry, tealeaves or crystal balls, is remarkably specific.

The pack is composed of 22 "Trumps Major" or greater cards, which indicate the loftier intentions or meanings behind the four suits of lesser arcana. The Trumps Major are: the Magician, the High Priestess, the Empress, the Emperor, the Hierophant, the Lovers, the Chariot, Strength, the Hermit, Wheel of Fortune, Justice, the Hanged Man, Death, Temperance, the Devil, the Tower, the Star, the Moon, the Sun, Judgement, the Fool and the World.

The interpretation of these cards is in some cases self-evident, although within the drawings themselves there are often difficult symbols and allegories. Death, for example, carries a banner with the Mystic Rose on it, which paradoxically signifies Life, and in the distance, behind two pillars, the sun is rising optimistically. There is also a snail tucked away on the ground, below Death's pale horse.

Even Waite was not sure what the Hanged Man was all about. A young man with a halo and breeches is suspended upside down by one ankle from a leaf-sprouting gibbet, his arms at his sides and an expression of magnificent unconcern on his face. One can only guess that the card is something to do with personal sacrifice of a divine kind.

The four lesser suits are a good deal less difficult. They are: Wands, Cups, Swords and Pentacles. Each suit has a King, Queen, Knight and Page, plus 10 other cards. On every card there is a drawing with the requisite number of swords or cups or whatever, involving them in some kind of pictorial allegory. The five of cups, for example, shows a cloaked man staring balefully at three cups which have been

The Tarot: *fortune-telling cards from the mystic pack include Death* (left) *and the World*

knocked over and spilled (representing needless waste) but there are two cups which remain standing (representing something retained). The usual interpretation of this card, when it is used for fortune telling, is that the subject will receive a gift or inheritance which will not live up to his expectations. It is a card of mixed loss and optimism.

To go about telling one's fortune with the Tarot, one must first choose a Significator card. One can either select one of the members of royalty of a lesser suit to represent oneself (the king of wands represents fair people, the king of pentacles dark people), or a card that is connected with the specific matter one wishes to know about.

The Significator is laid upwards on the table, the pack is shuffled and cut three times, and the reading begins. The top card of the pack is laid face upwards over the Significator: this card shows the influences or atmospheres that are affecting the inquirer. The second card is laid across the first card: this shows what obstacles lie in his way.

The third card is placed above the Significator: this represents his ideals in the matter. The fourth card goes below: this shows the basis of the matter. The fifth and sixth cards are placed to right and left and show the incidents immediately behind and ahead of him. The seventh card shows the Significator's attitude, the eighth his house or material circumstances, the ninth his hopes or fears—and the tenth his future.

The blitz on Plymouth during the Second World War destroyed the plates of Waite's Tarot cards, and it is only now that they have been reprinted—with some technical difficulty, since Miss Colman Smith used up to eight colour plates for each card (most colour magazines use only four). They are reported to be selling well to hippies and other young people, but what their future will be—well, one can only consult the cards themselves.

A BIT OF RECOGNITION

The entire Happenings column on the *End of the Underground* (vol. 6 no. 8) is reproduced in the latest information bulletin from BIT, the "alternative" aid group, at 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11. BIT incidentally, who do a great deal of useful and helpful work for young people, are seriously short of cash, and are appealing for donations.

SOUNDS

WHO-HA

Now that rock has broken and diversified into progressive, sugary, folk, heavy and authentic, there are few musicians around to remind us of those beautiful neat days of good pop: the Turtles, early Traffic, the Beatles before they got insight. That was when the music was tight and teenage, a self-sufficient craft that didn't depend on other disciplines.

The Who: *in concert, Roger Daltrey* (left) *Keith Moon* (centre) *and Peter Townshend*

But the Who remain. Led by, written for—almost *existing* for – Pete Townshend, they continue to produce pop music of a pure and remarkable kind. They stray occasionally into the semi-heavies, but the standard of their work is crisp, vocal and *still* exclusively for young people. It goes where the Beatles could have gone, if they'd had the sense.

To understand where the Who are today, it is necessary to examine their origins. Pete Townshend, their thin trowel-nosed lead guitarist and composer, got them together in Shepherds Bush, London, in the heyday of the Mod era: when all the kids were dressing with painful sharpness, popping purple hearts, and tearing down to Brighton on racoon-tailed Lambrettas.

The Who were outrageous dressers: Union Jack T-shirts, brilliantly-coloured Op-art trousers. And their stage act was a convincing focus for everything that teenagers were feeling at the time. They were devastatingly loud, and they wrecked and tortured their instruments and amplifiers until the whole place filled with smoke. Townshend's guitar arm performed a slow windmill, while vocalist Roger Daltrey raped his microphone. Keith Moon was the most flamboyant drummer of the time: pop-eyed, tossing his sticks into the air, jumping and hopping. John Entwhistle remained quiet and cool.

Their songs, too, encapsulated a great deal of current teenage discontent, and were crammed with what was then incomprehensible jargon to most people over 18. Townshend reached the heights of his early ability with such pieces as *I'm A Boy, I Can See For Miles, Pinball Wizard* and the stuttering *My G-G-Generation,* ("Don't try to dig what we all say . . . why don't you just f-f-fade away".)

After their early success, the Who went through a middle period of rather more introverted progress and creativity. Townshend's problem as a composer has always been over-production, and this tendency marred with its inevitable slapdashness his pop-opera *Tommy,* which conceivably could have been his finest album.

The work they are putting out now is far ahead of *Substitute* and *Anywhere, Anyway, Anyhow,* at least in musical arrangement and content. Townshend is into quite complex changes of tempo and mood (*The Song is Over*) and not past a bit of the fancy violinists (*Baba O'Reilly*). But he has retained, almost intact, his most important asset: his ability to address his audience on their own terms—to talk about young ideas in young language, and to ignore almost completely the synthetic poetry of many progressive bands.

Even in *Baba O'Reilly,* which is quite a lace-collar piece of music in some ways, Daltrey grates out the caustic comment: "Don't cry . . . it's only teenage wasteland."

The obsession with sharp dressing and scooter-borne violence that characterized the Mod era has long passed, but under another name, the market still exists. The Who's main body of fans lies somewhere between the teenyboppers and the heavies. They're a workingman's group, a band you can go and listen to after a day at the lathe and which won't give you any shit about dreams and flowers. Apart from which, they still have one of the most involving and violent stage acts since Arthur Brown.

The lesson that Pete Townshend and the Who embody, for all the other bands who have faltered by the wayside, is one of self-recognition. They know where they're at, and so do their audience, and everybody's reasonably happy. It's ironic in some respects that the group whose very name is a query about their identity should have proved to be one of the most readily identifiable of all.

WINDOW SILLS

For the first time, EMI are releasing the Asylum label in this country, and the first

batch contains some highly worthwhile music. From American singer Judee Sills comes a lyrical, over-decorated album that is nonetheless charming to listen to, and contains some wry observations on the topics of love and religion. (*Religion*? Not the Cliff Richard type, fortunately, but a nicely tricky rendering called *Jesus Was A Crossmaker.*)

Then there's a badly misnamed outfit called Commander Cody and the Lost Planet Airmen. They're not a heavy band, but a hayseed bunch of Mid-Westerners whose sound is somewhere between Bill Haley and Hank Williams. They're so bad they're good: a collector's piece of kitsch.

RECOMMENDED RELEASES

C.C.S./*C.C.S.* (Rak): British sessionmen led by Alexis Korner on a big-sound collection of polished pop.

Solomon Burke/*The Electronic Magnetism* (MGM): very heavy stuff from a celebrated toughie in the soul field.

SHOWS

RUDE, THE OBSCURE

When somebody leapt on to the stage of the Roundhouse and tried to knock out one of the performers, it seemed for a happy moment that the audience was striking back at last. In the past few years audiences have been baffled, bored, ignored and insulted at the theatre. Experimental theatre is all very well, but must they experiment on the customers? In one play the actors stood around gazing meaningfully at each other, and said absolutely nothing for half an hour. In another they mimed birth and burst through paper screens, like performing dogs, to land in the laps of the astonished patrons in the front row.

There was a stern reprimand for another audience which reacted incorrectly when the cast put bags over their heads and wandered down among them. One patron, delighted to find a pretty young actress crawling over his lap, red-bloodedly goosed her: she tore off her bag and tore him off a strip. "How was I to know that she represented the confusion of the human race and I was meant to take her by the hand and lead her out of the auditorium, to safety?" he said.

Moving on from plays showing the sex act, and actors and actresses fondling each other, the modern theatre has even had a go at fondling the audience. Full frontal nudity is tame stuff once one has sat, front row, dead centre, while Julia Foster opens her white-clad thighs and an elderly actor caresses her clitoris.

Surely, the most honest title to hit the West End was a little thing called *Offending the Audience?* Why, plays have been doing that for years! In this avant-garde production, patrons were first lulled into a stupor as the actors tediously mimed An Audience, and then awoken with a start, as they hurled abuse at them.

All these goings-on are, allegedly, terribly salutary. When a fresh-faced young actor looms over the footlights and calls his paying customers fascist pigs he is, of course, shaking their bourgeois complacency and heightening their awareness of life. Never mind if all the audience wanted was a jolly evening out; producers mistrust public tastes and arrogantly assume that their cultural duty is to instruct, rather than entertain.

Before London's Greenwich Theatre got under way, a lot of locals (ratepayers with more than an artistic interest in the project) were interviewed and asked if they really wanted a theatre. They said they did and were looking forward to being taken out of themselves with a nice variety show, or a good murder play (Agatha Christie was mentioned) or a lovely old American musical. What they actually got was Lysistrata in the original Greek.

It's no wonder that Harold Fielding is currently pulling in the crowds with a polished presentation of *Showboat;* he will probably be just as successful with his musical adaptation of *Gone with the Wind.* This is cheerful, escapist entertainment and, since most people are harassed with their own private worries, they don't want to go to the theatre and find themselves loaded down with guilt over somebody else's problems too.

Of course the theatre must not, and need not, be all mindless merriment. Both *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* and *Forget-Me-Not Lane* dealt thoughtfully with serious themes yet they managed to make money, too. Peter Nichols fills theatres because he is a compassionate writer with something to say, and he says it, clearly, with wit and originality. He's certainly unusual. Most playwrights fumble with a woolly idea and leave the audience to work out which eternal truth they are groping after.

Indeed, casts are getting used to reading their scripts with baffled dismay. A successful actor with a big part in an important West End play says that when the author met the cast to discuss the motivation of the characters, he had to explain the play to them as well.

If even the actors don't understand what they are acting, what chance has the audience got of grasping the subtleties of innuendo, without an explanatory chat from the man who wrote it? As it is, the determined obscurity of so many current plays sends the audience home yawning, rather than thinking.

Shelley Winters put in a crisp plea for professionalism. After sitting through a curiously unintelligible West End play, a friend turned to her and asked what the play was about, anyway?

"About half an hour too long," said Miss Winters.

From Olympia: *sexy stories for girls*

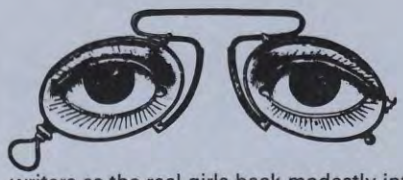
WORDS

IN BED WITH A GOOD BOOK

One by one the citadels of male privilege fall before the blitzkrieg of militant feminism: the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the Oxford Union, next the Stock Exchange, and after that, no doubt, the clubs of Pall Mall and the Household Cavalry. But one thing seems certain to remain the preserve of the dominant male: the pornographic novel. Or does it?

Plenty of hard-core erotica is published under female names—Angela Pearson, Carmencita de las Lunas, and so on—yet the "authoress" generally conveys the image of a middle-aged gentleman, fingers flashing over the typewriter keys and veins bulging with enthusiasm. The books themselves are geared directly to male ego-boosting, with rampant phalluses, unstoppable as the pistons of the Flying Scotsman, and submissive heroines who whimper with ecstasy at the mere promise of penis, dildo, leatherwear, whip, or whatever variation the story requires.

No one knows if the absence of similar erotica for women is the result of inhibition or plain lack of interest on the part of the average girl. We may soon find out. With the announcement of a new Olympia Press imprint, Orlando Books, the pseudonymous Angelas and Carmencitas can put away their type-



writers as the real girls back modestly into the limelight.

Orlando Books is to be more than a collection of sexy stories for girls and will include any form of feminine self-expression or any type of intellectual stimulation for women. Yet it seems firmly based on the Masters & Johnson finding that woman is basically more erotic than man and capable of a greater range of sexual experience. The aim of Orlando Books is to "encourage woman to shed, once and for all, the guilt and secrecy that has shrouded her sexuality." It is hoped that when the series appears it will attract a wide readership among men. Natural male curiosity seems to make that certain.

There has, in fact, already been a lot of work done in general surveys and specific investigations into what sort of books may make women feel "romantic" or sexy. Recently, books like *The Story of O* have been read with fascination by some women, though it seems a safe bet that none of them actually want to go around with their lovers' initials branded on their bottoms or a metal identity disc anchored between their thighs.

Traditionally, women have been affected far more by the gentle erotic warmth of romantic fiction than by anything approaching the porno-novel. Rachel Anderson in *The Purple Heart-Throbs* (Hodder and Stoughton £2.25) provides an up-to-the-minute and entertaining account of romantic fiction, describing the sensational effect on Victorian girls of a novel like *The Heir of Redclyffe,* in which there was not even a kiss. Heavy claustrophobic eroticism, though not pornographic, left many an Edwardian beauty with trembling heart and fluttering eyelashes. As for *The Sheik* and those "Eastern" novels of muted abduction and unspoken rape, they were read avidly by ladies who would have screamed the place down on being winked at by a real live Arab.

The lesson seems to be that romantic or erotic daydreams count for much more with women than stories of sexual encounters at a physical level. In the 1920s, the New York Bureau of Social Hygiene, no less, decided to settle the matter once and for all by submitting questionnaires to 10,000 women on what books they found most sexually informative and sexually stimulating. Among the answers received, not a single pornographic work was mentioned, not even *Ulysses* or the other famous banned books of the day. Heading the list were "the Bible, the Dictionary, the Encyclopaedia, novels from Dickens to Henry James, Shakespeare, circulars for venereal diseases, medical books, and Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic.*" Some of these presumably provided information only and no stimulus. But what indescribable female sexual perversion may have been stimulated by Motley's ponderous six-volume history?

The results of such surveys usually bring surprises but there is plenty of other evidence to suggest that these answers were honest and typical at a time when pornography was still a dirty word. The answers are certainly no odder than John Wain's account of a devotee of flagellation literature who would never have dreamt of buying a pornographic book but derived a lifelong thrill instead from reading the novels of Captain Marryat. And if it seems a shame that any girl should waste her passion on Motley, the final result of the survey gives reason to hope. Ninety-five girls, questioned further, still found books a major source of sexual stimulation. But 218 others, when asked what they found most sexually exciting, chorused, "Men!"

RECOMMENDED READING

The Malta Conspiracy by Frederic Mullally (Hart-Davis £1.50.) First-rate realistic political thriller on topical theme: gang rape to Super-Power diplomacy.

Bluebeard and After by Rayner Heppenstall (Peter Owen £3.25). Readable accounts of Landru the wife-murderer and other French slayings. All the gory details with photographs as vivid as court exhibits.

King William IV by Philip Ziegler (Collins, £3.50). Royalty with its pants down, so to speak. Highly entertaining and well-written biography of the king who liked girls "who would not pox me every time I fucked" and had 12 illegitimate children.

His Lordship by Leslie Thomas (Pan, 35p). Tennis coach in prison cell describes his sex athletics at a girls' boarding school.

Hitler's High Seas Fleet by Richard Humble (Pan/Ballantine, 50p). Excellent documentary with many photographs of the actions.

Madrid and Toledo by Fernando Goita (Thames & Hudson £3.50). Superb companion for a Spanish holiday with maps and 150 pictures.

WHEELS

CUCKOO IN THE NEST

Volkswagen have brought out a very good new model, the K70, but are spoiling the introduction with the kind of inaccurate advertising we have commented on before. "We've done some odd things in our time", says the campaign headline, "but never anything quite like this". The copy then goes on to explain that the K70 is a normal-looking front-wheel drive saloon that gets a move on (top speed 98 mph). After listing features not found on other Volkswagens it concludes by declaring that "in spite of all this, our K70's still a Volkswagen through and through . . .", adding: "Call in and inspect it in your local VW dealer's showrooms. It's the car that looks as if it doesn't belong there".

All this gives you the impression that Volkswagen, noted for reliable but unchanging cars, have sat down and dreamed up something novel, but carefully preserved the well-known VW virtues. What in fact happened was something quite different. At their wits' end for a successor to the beetle after making little impression with later cars of their own design, VW bought the lively firm of NSU (of Ro80 fame), having found to their relief a spanking new model there all ready to go. You've guessed it: the K70.

This puts the VW ad in a new light, especially where they say they've "never done anything quite like this". It's true that they haven't—but then they haven't exactly "done this" either. And how about the "our K70's still a Volkswagen through and through" bit? Come on now, dear herren. Nearer the mark is the line about the car looking as if it doesn't belong in the VW showroom. That's because it belongs in the NSU showroom.

Since VW's policy has been to publish an informative ad, would it not have been better to tell the full facts, and herald the K70 as "the fruit of our collaboration with our new associate, NSU, an acknowledged technical leader"? Besides, why should VW's advertising agents think anyone is going to be taken in by this "look, no hands" stuff, when the game was given away long ago in the motoring press? Perhaps VW think their reputation is an advantage to any car, but that idea has been disproved by the lukewarm response to their other recent creations.

The truth is that Volkswagen means beetle to the public, and—while you can't blame them for trying—the Wolfsburg people are never going to come up with another winner like that, the success of which was a historical accident.

ANOTHER NON-FACT

Reviewing *Car Facts & Feats* a couple of issues ago we pulled up the authors for declaring, among other clangers, that "swivelling headlamps, which turn with the front wheels were first seen on 1967 Citroens". We pointed out that the same feature occurred on the ill-fated 1947 Tucker Torpedo. But it seems that we were letting them off too lightly.

Swivelling headlamps have a far older history. They were fitted on Cadillac in 1930, 17 years earlier. Mounted on a headlamp bar, the installation was marketed as the Pilot Ray.

Cadillac, incidentally, was a ferment of technical innovation in those days, originating the hydraulic valve lifter system in the same year, and introducing Synchro-Mesh the previous year.

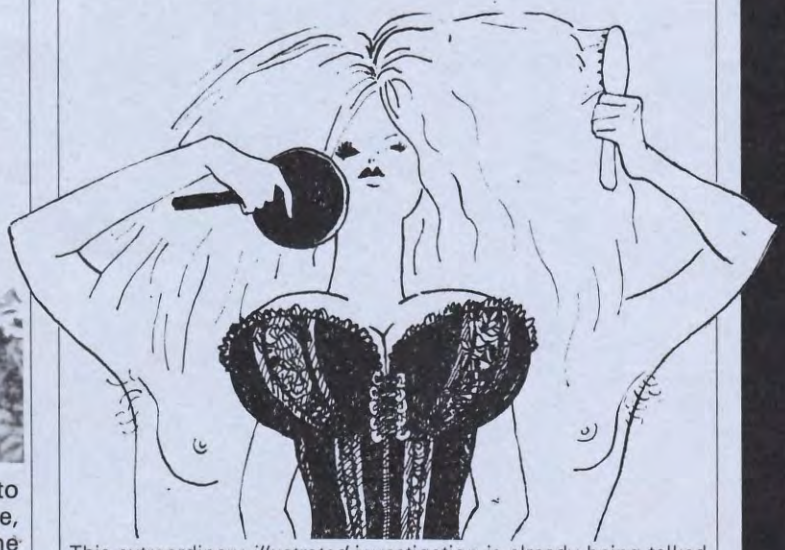
CATHERINE THE GREAT

Catherine the Great, the pocket Venus who is said to have died after attempting bestiality with a horse, commanded in the thirty-four years of 1762-96 the most sexually active reign of any known Empress in history—rivalling even the alleged histories of the Borgias.

History books have only hinted at this—*The Passions and Lechery of Catherine the Great* unfolds the entire, incredible story . . . of lovers selected from the lowest ranks of the Army, solely for their sexual prowess ('an armchair or a divan was sufficient for this kind of exercise') . . . of lovers who—made physically aware of Catherine's insatiability—selected additional 'stallions' for the royal boudoir . . . of incredible furniture for the 'erotic salon' such as the 'sex chair' (photographed in this book) with its carved headpiece of a girl performing fellatio.

Side by side with the text, on almost every facing page, there unfolds an intensely erotic panorama of frescoes from the now-destroyed Gatchina Palace. Positively *no* anatomical details are omitted from these vigorous and superb drawings of Catherine in rut. *In no previous book published in Britain has such a totally revealing sequence of drawings ever been published.* As a collector's item it has no peer. Not for sale to minors.

Erotic Fantasies



This extraordinary *illustrated* investigation is already being talked about as the most intimate and revealing sexual study of the year. Using verbatim tape-recorded interviews, the book explores the secret erotic daydreams of young girls . . . newlyweds . . . and even a nymphomaniac.

You can sit in on 25 remarkable confessions, and hear first-hand the fantasies that, until now, the subjects of this book have kept closely hidden.

The single girl: "I thought about being a slave girl . . . outside this temple, there was an enormous male organ made of stone or metal . . . I had to open my legs and sit on it and perform an acrobatic dance on it . . ."

The single man: "She's standing there with her bare tits and her great bush . . . and then I start poking Elaine while Terry fondles her . . ."

The nymphomaniac: "James moved up and got into me . . . and then David did the same at the back . . . I felt full of men."

The rubber fetishist: "I think of a girl with very short blonde hair and extremely large breasts in a rubber costume that covers her completely except for her genitals . . ."

All these and many more candid conversations make *Your Erotic Fantasies* one of the most significant books of our time . . . a must for the collector and mature observer of erotic life.

SEXUAL ANATOMY OF WOMEN

If this is the highest-priced paperback you have yet encountered, it is also almost certainly the most startling. No British book for general sale has ever previously shown in full-colour, pin-sharp closeup page by page photographs of the most intimate parts of the female body—and here there are 46 such photographs, each occupying its own glossy page.

The 222 pages of this remarkable pictorial manual produce what is virtually a detailed map in words and pictures (including additional black and white photographs and drawings) of the erogenous zones of the female body. Additionally there are sections and chapters on female masturbation, sex aids, female genital disorders, orgasm, and birth control methods.

The publishers of *The Sexual Anatomy of Woman* explicitly state on the cover that it is 'Not to be handled, seen, inspected by or sold to minors'. Every reader ordering this book is asked to respect this injunction. Please note that all copies will be despatched by recorded delivery.

To The Odyssey Press Ltd.,
2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB.

Please send me the book(s) I have checked. I enclose my crossed cheque/crossed P.O. for £.....
I understand that all prices include a charge of 25p for packing and postage by recorded delivery.

Your Erotic Fantasies	£2.10
Catherine the Great	£4.25
The Sexual Anatomy of Woman	£2.25

Name.....
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Signed..... Date.....

HENRY MORGAN

Enroll now, and learn to make a proper job of ditching the redeeming social merit from an improper movie

David Frankland

SKIN FLICK U.

Flick U, as it is fondly called by the alumni association, was established in order to give direction to the creative impulses of young men and women who are tired of the standard cliché-ridden, bum-and-grind, in-and-out, in-and-out dirty movies. Far too many otherwise salacious films have been ruined by the insertion, if we may use the word, of stupid "redeeming social benefits" and the like. This has gone far enough.

The lovely campus of F.U. stretches for almost half a mile on the second level of an abandoned mine near Quilp, Utah. Classes are held in shifts, shaft 4. Faculty and students are housed in five, while number six is kept for emergencies. If there is need, however, students may be given the shaft.

Perhaps our ideals may best be summed up in the school motto: *F.U. forever!*

Courses:

Theory and Philosophy 104: Prof. Schisch. Tuesdays

Why the Danes? Why not? A discussion of the average mean temperature in Copenhagen and its effect on the gonads. Screwing 1. and 2. In Norway, Denmark and Sweden. Some strange ideas from Lapland. The story of elk breeding, and associated ideas of the Moose and Odd Fellows. A supplementary class may be taken on Saturdays concerning Eskimo wife-lending technique and the peculiar smell of igloos. The icicle as phallus. The narwhal as phallus, and regular phallus. How whales do it. Why whales do it. Do seals eat oysters?

Tools 86. Miss Prision. Fridays.

Where to get film. Stealing a camera, (*a*) at Disneyland, (*b*) from Eliot Elisofon, (*c*) off a kid. Mounting the lens. Mounting the owner of the lens. Mounting a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. What the Mounties do with their man after they get him. A Night on Bald Mounting. The light meter. The heavy meter. Negative Development. (1) The flat chest. (2) No ass.

The tripod, *e.g.* two girls and a boy, two boys and a dog, three Lesbos. Lenses. Soft focus or hard? Is it fair to zoom in and out?

Technique: Mr Flagellus.

Overlapping (two or more). Under the table (two or more.)

The jump cut. The slow dissolve. Fading, its cause and possible cure. Six different methods of overexposure. Some trick effects to be had in the darkroom. What to expect from the acid bath. Successful cropping.

In inclement weather, indoor sessions are held for the purpose of studying contours, thigh measurement, breast-works and navel bases. Male models demonstrate the science of probabilities, discuss with class members' members, length of previous employment, facts about diet, etc. Miss McConell conducts seminars in whether it is better to cast to type or to size, etc. Students are encouraged to attempt to cast one another or each other. Extra credits may be awarded for work with sheep, horses, koala bears and the like. Mr Farb demonstrates grunting and groaning. Successful graduates of this course are invited to Miss Goldfarb's home for a special high tea.

Directing: Sven Holdrup. Wednesdays. 2 credits.

Mr Holdrup is the director of, among many others, *Two Bunnies in a Hutch, Beach Bunnies in the Deep Blue, Rent-a-Bunny, By Baby Bunny, How's Your Bunny?, Butt My Bunny, Why Does Everybody Call Me Bunny and Say Those Terrible Things about Me?, Up Your Bunny, Up Yours, Bunny, Peter Got His Rabbit,* and *The Basket Case,* a thriller.

Editing 3: Professor Angela.

This is a course for those who like sharp objects such as scissors, knives and so forth. A great deal of cutting is involved. We think Angela is particularly well qualified for this class because she ends up on the cutting-room floor at least once a semester. There is also a great deal of splicing. Much attention is paid to putting parts together. Special attention is paid to those interested in mixing. Students may use the viewing room for exploration of sprocket holes and the like.

Extra time may be spent on the study of jump-cutting, flash-backing and simple montage.

Distribution 515: Raquel $5.00

Raquel has distributed just about everywhere. The course deals in procurement, how to advertise, letting it all hang out and how to turn a theater into a garage. How to get arrested. Lists of authors, professors, etc. who will testify to anything for a buck.

Students will be happy to know that, on graduation, the graduates, together with their families and friends, are invited to a mass orgy—which is filmed, of course. The films are then sold to the various police organizations around the country to be shown as the highlight of their communion breakfasts.

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

Mild, smooth taste. King size or Deluxe 100's.
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KENT
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Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

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THE DEFINITIVE DAVIS

Exploring and explaining the most influential sound in contemporary jazz—in a pre-publication extract from the author's latest book*
by **Leonard G. Feather**

Roger Wolfs

**Leonard Feather's Jazz Gallery—from Satchmo to Miles,* Stein & Day.

Miles Dewey Davis has learned as well as any musician alive how to make music, women, money and headlines, not necessarily in that order of importance but probably in that chronological sequence. The various sobriquets he has acquired along the way—Prince of Darkness, Public Enigma No. 1—attest to his ability to build around himself an aura of cultism and mysticism.

He inspires young musicians, who are awed by his presence; instills fear in the hearts of young secretaries at Columbia Records, who are convinced that he hates them because he has called them white bitches; leaves most reporters ignored or confused; talks in absolutes and with seemingly complete total conviction. His words are at variance with his actions, particularly in the area of race, and some of his statements are total contradictions of others.

He has been called bitter, hostile, bigoted, capricious, undependable, often by some of the same observers who at other times have found him shy, warm, generous, sensitive and witty. Denouncing white American society, he has emulated its most materialist values by acquiring all the appurtenances and luxuries his millions could bring him over the years: the $15,000 Ferrari, the $100,000 town house on West 77th Street, the vast wardrobe.

Much has been made of the fact that unlike most black and many white musicians, he was born into a middle-class family with bourgeois values, was even urged by his mother to take up some genteel instrument such as the violin. That his unusual background has not protected Davis from racism or other forms of dehumanization is not particularly relevant, according to the man himself. "You don't know how to play better just because you've suffered," he says. "The blues don't come from picking cotton."

He is a maverick in much more than his social origins. The great individual jazz styles, whether conceived by Armstrong, Eldridge, Hawkins, Hodges, Young, Gillespie or Peterson, have remained basically unchanged through the years, evolving only within the original framework. Gillespie solos recorded in 1945 and 1971 are clearly recognizable as the work of the same artiste. Davis, on the other hand, has changed so radically that most listeners not familiar with all his work would refuse to believe that a recent solo, on one of his rock-dominated records, was played by the same trumpeter heard on, say, *Out of the Blue* in 1951.

For all his changes of direction, Davis is today more than ever a player of unquestionable originality, and an almost hypnotic influence on his contemporaries, as was Gillespie in the 1940s. Both men have been copied in extra-musical as well as musical characteristics. Miles was ahead of the public with his Italian-style clothes. He was the first to make a definitive switch from trumpet to fluegelhorn, an instrument that has since become a double for hundreds of trumpeters. He was the first to make use of modal themes, a development later associated more closely with John Coltrane, but actually dating back to the late 1950s when Coltrane was a sideman in Davis' group. His career found him, in the early stages, as a bebopper who had listened closely to Clark Terry and Gillespie; in a second phase as a central figure in the breakaway from bop to a cooler and more orchestrated conception, through his collaboration with Gil Evans, John Lewis, Gerry Mulligan and others on the *Birth of the Cool* recordings (1949-50); in a third phase as leader of his various quintets and sextets, and overlapping the latter, as partner with Evans in a series of large-scale orchestral albums that are assured of a permanent place in musical history.

Still later came the first intimations of "space music," and not long afterward the flirtation with rock. Along with each of these directional shifts in the group style came substantial changes in Davis' entire approach to the horn. According to him, each new move has represented a step ahead, a development directly out of the previous period. Other musicians are sharply divided concerning the accuracy of this self-analysis.

Davis not only revels in the present and eagerly courts the future. In effect, though at times he may deny it, he rejects his past:

LF: When you hear the old records you made with Gil Evans, or the combo albums when Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter were with you, how do they sound to you today?

I don't listen to them.

LF: Is that because you no longer find anything interesting in them?

The records sound funny to me.

LF: Wouldn't you advise young musicians to go through those stages first before getting to what you're into now? These guys that you have now, didn't they at one time play songs with definite beginnings and endings?

Yeah, you have to come up through those ranks. They can always do that;

but you don't hear anybody doing that old shit with me. You know, some guys are still playing all that shit we did years ago, things I did with Bird and stuff, they're still using those clichés and calling it jazz. Black guys as well as white guys. I hear it over and over again. Shit that I've even forgotten.

LF: Well, that's natural, Miles, as long as they get into something eventually.

No, it's not natural.

LF: You could just as well say that Dizzy is still playing the blues and *Night in Tunisia* and all those things. Does that make him inferior?

How is he ever *going to be inferior?*

LF: That's what I mean. So why shouldn't he continue to go on like that as long as it's valid?

He can do anything he wants to.

LF: Do you believe the era of the 12-bar blues and the 32-bar song is dead?

No, you can add something to it. But when I write something, I don't think of anything I've ever heard. I don't try to be different; it's just that I figure, when whatever I wanted to write is finished, I stop. I don't count the bars. What's complete to me might not be complete to your ear; 'cause I never resolve anything anyway. I hate to. But I'm not rejecting anything. You're not losing anything with what we're doing now, you're gaining everything you lost, because you heard all that other shit over and over again.

LF: A lot of young people haven't heard it. The kids that heard you at the Fillmore or Shelly's Manne Hole may not even know about the Gil Evans albums, let alone the Capitol albums. I think it's wrong that they should be unfamiliar with the important innovations of the past.

There's so much more to music than just that. Like what I'm doing now, you know?

LF: I'm saying that they should still recognize what you did then, because you accomplished something that was important to you at that time.

I don't know whether they recognize it or not. Anyway, everything that I do is recognized until somebody else does it.

This last observation is irrefutable. Whether or not today's rock fans are conscious of it, some part of each Davis contribution has eventually filtered into the mainstream of jazz. This means that he has manifestly changed the entire course of an art form at least three or four times in 25 years–an accomplishment that can be claimed by no other jazz musician.

The Davis family has to its credit at least three generations of impressive achievements. Miles Dewey Davis was a well-to-do black man who at one time owned 1000 acres in Arkansas. Miles II became a substantial landowner himself in addition to pursuing a lucrative career as a dental surgeon. Miles Dewey Davis III was born May 25, 1926 in Alton, Ill. Soon afterward the family moved to East St. Louis, where the father increased his wealth still further by breeding hogs.

Pride of family was a conspicuous trait in the Davis household. Doc Davis once said: "The Davises historically have always been musicians. I would have been one myself, but my own father forbade me to play, because Negroes at that time could only play in barrelhouses. By genetics and breeding, Miles III is always going to be ahead of his time."

LF: How many were there in the family?

I have an older sister, Dorothy; she's married. My brother, Vernon, was born in 1929.

LF: How old are your own children now?

Cheryl is the oldest, then there's Gregory, and Miles. They're all in their twenties. I was married when I was 16. I have a grandson—he's five; he and Cheryl live in St. Louis.

LF: You were pretty close to your mother, weren't you?

No, I've never been close to none of my family. Me and my mother fell out when I was 13. We were close at one time; we could talk to each other, but you know, I wasn't going to take none of that shit from her just because she was my mother.

LF: What kind of shit?

Just real bullshit. It was a matter of either talk straight to me or not at all. When she did, we became real tight.

LF: How was your relationship with your father?

Not bad. He just told my mother to leave me alone. He bought me a trumpet for my 13th birthday, and I'd only been playing two or three years when I had a chance to leave school and go on the road with Tiny Bradshaw's band. I went home and asked my mother . . . she said no, I had to finish my last year of high school. I didn't talk to her for two weeks.

LF: What advantages did growing up black and middle class give you over growing up black and poor?

You're gonna run into that Jim Crow thing regardless of how wealthy you are. I can't buy no freedom. Having money has helped me once in a while; but I'm not looking for help. There's no excuse for being poor anyway. You see, you're not supposed to wait on anybody to give you nothing. My father taught me that.

LF: How old were you when your parents separated?

I don't remember, but I remember I sent my sister to school, to Fisk, when I was about 16—I was making $85 a week with Eddie Randall's band. That was just before I came to New York.

LF: How did you get along that far musically in just a couple of years?

I just got onto the trumpet and studied and played. It would have been that or something else; a lot of black people think that to keep from being Jim Crowed you have to be a professional man and know a little bit of something. But then if you want an engineer or an architect or something, who do you get? You don't get a black man.

LF: Were there a lot of kids in school with you who became professionals?

Yeah. One of them is going to run for Mayor of Compton, Cal. East St. Louis was so bad that it just made you get out and do something. See, I believe if you don't go to school you can educate yourself. I don't think you need formal schooling to get an education. There's always a library. You know, I can't believe *the library they got in New York.*

LF: Were you a good student?

Well, I taught my sister mathematics. See, if I had a book, I could look at it and remember the whole page. It came to me like that. I can remember anything—telephone numbers, addresses. Even today I can just glance at them and remember. That's the reason I used to take care of band payrolls; I could remember all the tabs and shit. Music was easy. When I was a kid, I was fascinated by the musician, particularly guys who used to come up from New Orleans and jam all night. I'd sit there and look at them, watch the way they walked and talked, how they fixed their hair, how they'd drink, and of course how they played. Then of course I played in the school band. Around that time I met Clark Terry. He was playing like Buck Clayton in those days, only faster. I started to play like him. I idolized him.

Clark Terry, five years Miles' senior, grew up across the river in St. Louis. "The first time I ever set eyes on Miles," says Terry, "was in Carbondale, Ill. His music teacher, Elwood Buchanan, who was a drinking buddy of mine, had told me about him. 'I've got a little cat over there in East St. Louis who's a bitch,' he said. 'You really got to hear him.' I said okay, okay, I'd hear him some time. Not long afterwards I was working in a May Day affair when all the schools would compete against one another in athletics. He was in this school band, and he came up to me and very meekly said, 'Pardon me Mr Terry, but would you tell me something about the horn? I'd like to know how you do certain things.' And I was so preoccupied with all the beautiful schoolgirls around that I said 'Why don't you get lost—stop bugging me,' which is something I never normally do. Miles was maybe 15 then.

"A few months later, in St. Louis, I was on my way to an afterhours jam session at the Elks, a place with a long staircase. On the way up this long flight of stairs I heard this new sound, new trumpet. I thought I could recognize

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

"Looks to me like a clear case of back to the drawing-board!"

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ANTHONY BURGESS

> "Violence is a price we pay for living. If everything has got to be safe, there'll be no art"

Anthony Burgess, prolific and polished English novelist, is enjoying the ironic experience of belated popular recognition for a book he wrote—and sold for movie rights—a decade ago. But though he took no part in the filming of the violent *A Clockwork Orange,* he is now writing a book specially for Stanley Kubrick to make into a movie. He also has the satisfaction of seeing his other novels reprinting. At 55 he has at last reached the end of his years of struggle. Born John Anthony Wilson Burgess in Manchester, he is the son of an English music-hall star known as "Beautiful Belle Burgess", who died along with his eldest sister in the European 'flu epidemic of 1918. He was brought up with what he remembers as "little love, very little affection" ("not that I wanted this very much") by an Irish stepmother. As a child he had drawings published in the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Express,* but in his teens began composing music, after teaching himself to play the piano. He says his father was a fair piano player, but never sober enough to teach him middle C. He went into the Army from Manchester university, and spent six years in uniform, some of the time as musical director of a special unit. Still considering himself a composer, he took to teaching only to support his wife and himself. The first novel he wrote dates from this period. It was based on three years spent stationed at Gibraltar in World War II, but he didn't take it seriously and it was not published till 1965—16 years after he wrote it. Teaching in Banbury, near Oxford, Burgess concluded that some of his pupils had more spending money than he had (he could only afford five Woodbine cigarettes and three pints of cider a day), and applied for a tax-free post in the Isle of Sark. Instead the Colonial Office offered him a teaching post in Malaya. It was some months before he realized why. Returning home drunk one evening to fill in the application form he had changed his mind about Sark and put in for a job that would take him as far away from England as possible. During his time in Malaya came the first of his novels to be published, in 1956. After Malaya, Burgess taught in Brunei, Borneo, where he collapsed during a lecture and was diagnosed as having a brain tumor. Given one year to live, he was flown home (in late 1958) and proceeded to write five novels in the next 12 months. Still alive, with no more tumor symptoms, he finally gave up his composer hankerings and settled down to be a novelist. In 1968 his first wife died after 26 years of marriage. His second wife is an Italian, Liliana, a former Cambridge don who shares his interest in and love for linguistics, which provided one of the most distinctive touches in *Clockwork Orange.* Together they hope to translate *Finnegan's Wake* into Italian. Since 1969 the Burgesses, with their son Andrea, have lived abroad, at present in Rome. This exclusive Penthouse Interview was conducted during a recent visit to New York, by **George Malko,** who describes Burgess as "full of candor and probity, a man who never tells less than the truth". Burgess once listed the occupational hazards of writing as "hemorrhoids, excessive drinking, dipsomania, impotence, overreliance on caffein and dexedrine, dyspepsia and chronic anxiety". Just now he can perhaps forget about the chronic anxiety.

Penthouse: Do you believe the creative artist is responsible for the consequences of his work? Supposing violence is inspired in someone by seeing the film of your book *A Clockwork Orange?*

Burgess: It has already been accused of inspiring violence. There was a case in New York in which four young men wearing masks went into a house and beat up the husband and raped the wife. The newspaper report said this was highly reminiscent of *A Clockwork Orange.* Well, I don't think I can feel responsible for that. I think if I were *inciting* to violence, deliberately telling people to *be* violent, then I'd be responsible. But if I'm merely depicting violence, merely depicting something that occurs, I don't think I am responsible. I was trying to make this point clear in the book—and also in the film—that if the ordinary secular writer is responsible for violence, well, the Bible itself is far more so. Young Alex visualizes himself beating up Christ and cutting the throats of other Jewish tribes, and having hand maidens

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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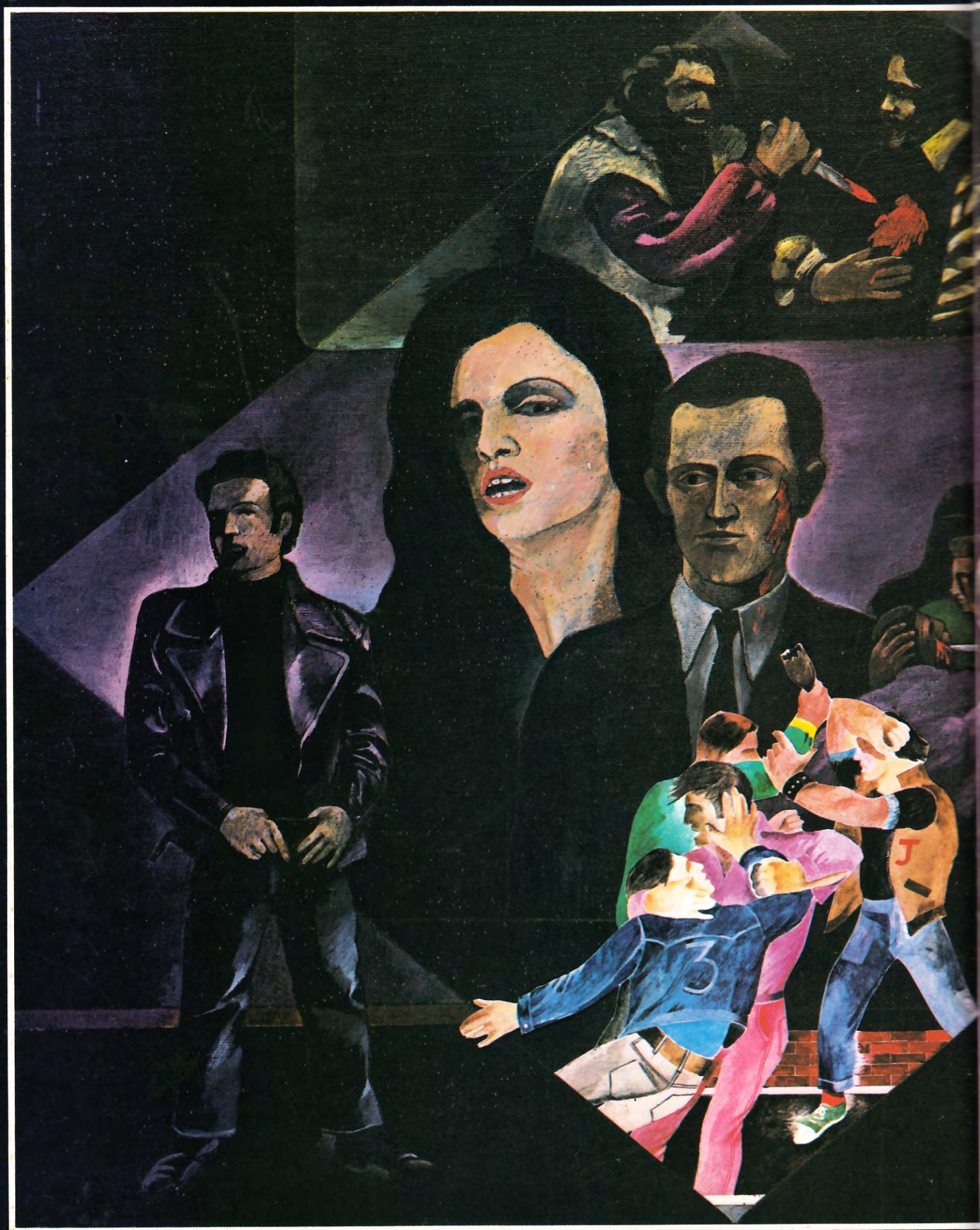


Paul Psorakis

A LIGHT TO FIGHT BY

FICTION BY JAMES BLISH

She was all perfume and squeaky silk, but she kissed with her mouth tight shut. Unfortunately, he found out what he could do to unfreeze her

A cold February wind was honing itself on the scaffolding around the partially demolished building next door as Ken Cassidy came out of the Third Avenue Youth Center and turned left on 118th Street. Though it was not yet quite dark, the two cops at the corner were already back to back and had their lapel radios turned up to full volume, letting everyone know just where they were—and where they weren't.

The shoeshine stand on the opposite corner was closed and shuttered. The neighborhood was unusually quiet for this hour, almost deserted. The crap game was still going on in front of number 184, but that never stopped for anything but rain or snow or sleet. You couldn't say as much for the postmen these days.

He walked faster, feeling the cold more than usual. As he approached a bodega, a small, olive-skinned boy of about 15, his horsehide motorcycle jacket partly unzipped over a black turtleneck sweater, surfaced from the basement. Seeing Ken, the boy hesitated, appeared ready to retreat, then changed his mind and came all the way up to the sidewalk.

"Allo, Señor Cassidy."

"Allo, Ramon," Ken said. "What's doing?"

"Nothing much."

"Kind of quiet this evening. Where is everybody?"

The boy shrugged. "I don't know. Around, I guess."

"Okay." Ken smiled. "Where have you been keeping yourself lately? I haven't seen you at the club." Ramon only shrugged again. "You ought to drop in. We're starting a boxing team and we could use a good flyweight."

There was a flicker of interest in the boy's dark eyes, but it quickly died.

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I'll do that Señor Cassidy."

Ken walked on, wondering why Ramon had been so nervous; he was obviously hiding something. And why was the street so muted under the blare from the cops' transistors? Something brewing? Maybe he ought to go back to the Center and try to find somebody to pump . . .

Or was he just getting jumpy, at last? Things had been quiet for weeks; in this weather, you couldn't even hear the occasional wife-beatings through the closed windows. Though the cops were as useless up here as they were in midtown, they were *less* dangerous; the Calypso Zombis and the Gamecocks between them had the area so well organized that even the protection racket didn't work any more. During some parts of the day, a white tourist might wander through this turf with a better than even chance of not being jumped. Not that any had tried it in years; but it had been the effective control of the two gangs that had encouraged putting the Center in their territory in the first place.

Nerves, augmented by ten hard hours at the Center . . . and, without any doubt at all, Elaine.

It was no good wondering any longer what was wrong with Elaine. The question was, what was wrong with him?

On the surface, the problem looked easy. He and Elaine had been engaged since his senior year at Rutgers, but since he had gotten out of uniform there had been no mention of getting married. That could probably be written down against her mother; Mrs. Hillary had thought Ken just the thing until he had "taken up social work," and then the big freeze had descended. That, at least, was how Elaine saw it, judging by her few hints.

At Fifth Avenue he checked for exact change and swung aboard a bus. Ordinarily the ride downtown never failed to give him a sort of guilty pleasure, as the scene gave way from poverty to middle-class comfort to the towering, luminous, privately guarded buildings of the rich. Tonight he scarcely saw it; he was trying to look inward. It didn't come naturally to him.

"Good evening, Mr Cassidy. Looks like snow."

"It's cold, all right."

Swooping up to the 20th floor in the silent gas-chamber elevator, he ran his fingers through his hair and straightened his tie for the inspection that would follow. Sure enough, Mrs. Hillary opened the apartment door; she trusted her security forces. As usual, Ken had a vision of himself as seen through her steady gray eyes: a tall, awkward young man with a rather bookish look and a frayed collar, probably a disappointment to his family and certainly one to her, who wasted his time on a warren of no doubt dirty people who hardly spoke English. But he no longer believed that what she saw mattered at all.

"Good evening, Ken," she said. Her voice had no expression in it. "Come in, please."

He followed her into the living room, exchanging pointless remarks about the weather, and when she finally left, promising to send Elaine right out, he couldn't even manage a sigh of relief. He sat on the couch and thumbed through a fashion magazine. Skirts were going up again. Yeah, sure. But not around here.

"Darling! I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

She ran to him as he stood up, with the air of breathless excitement which he knew promised nothing, and enclosed him in faint perfume and squeaky silk. She kissed hard, but with her mouth firmly closed, and then looked up at him.

"You were late, too," she said, almost in a whisper. "A whole half-hour."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"I thought you were going to stand me up."

"Don't I always?"

She laughed, but with the following almost hoarse intake of breath which he had once found erotic. "Where shall we go?"

"How about dinner at Henri's first, and then the Club?"

"I'm tired of the Club," she said. "Couldn't we go to a movie just this once? We could sit in a back row and hold hands."

"Sure. What movie?"

"*The Revenger's Tragedy*. It's British and the reviews say it's very sumptuous. Nearby, too—just behind the square: the Plaza."

"Well," he said, "anything for science."

> **"It wasn't "love". He had found out that *that* sensation could be discharged in 20 minutes by any cooing Saigon professional"**

Bluntly: In two solid years, and solid was the word, he had never been into her, though she seemed to have nobody else on her strong, or want anybody else. During the first year, before he had been drafted, there had been a fair amount of solemn, dedicated petting; but after the first month of his return, even that had dried up. These days he was lucky if he was even allowed to caress her mound through three layers of fabric.

Never mind what had turned her off. The enigma of his own patience was a lot more baffling. God knew, she was lovely, and had the money and the knowledge to make herself even more so—but he had once managed to shuck off an even more beautiful tease. The money was of no account; he had plenty, and being outright rich didn't tempt him.

Love, then? He didn't know. He had thought so in college. Since then, he had found out that the same sensation of cardiac-respiratory dizziness could be discharged in less than 20 minutes by any cooing Saigon professional, leaving not a wrack behind. If the tenseness between Elaine and himself was love, it wasn't living up to its advertisements.

Maybe he needed what Mrs. Hillary sometimes remotely referred to as "professional help".

The hell with that. Lover, help yourself.

He got down at 72nd Street, crossed Fifth, and approached the glass doors of the Hillary's apartment building with the necessary slowness, his hands hanging loosely at his sides. The doorman, elderly and benign in his cumbersome uniform—and flanked invisibly by two Brinks men whose very bite was lethal—peered at him with deceptive nearsightedness and then put his foot on a button. The doors rumbled apart.

The title had sounded vaguely familiar, and after the first five minutes he knew why. The film was a Jacobean "tragedy of blood," typically clothing in flamboyantly beautiful poetry a plot full of senseless violence. The production was indeed sumptuous, the acting rang with conviction and enthusiasm, all the tortures, rapes and murders were front and center; but nothing in it could put a patch on what went on in New York every day and the conventions of Tourneur's time automatically assured that since everybody would be dead except the most minor characters at the end, there was no point in becoming involved with any of the major ones.

Elaine probably knew this, too, but she seemed involved all the same, squeezing his hand convulsively at every shock and scream. He tried to go along with her, and every so often found himself caught up by the long, swinging sonorousness of the speeches, but more and more he was repelled by the preposterousness of the story. The Jacobeans, he thought,

"So who's going to believe it—a tribe of lost Head Expanders ?*"*

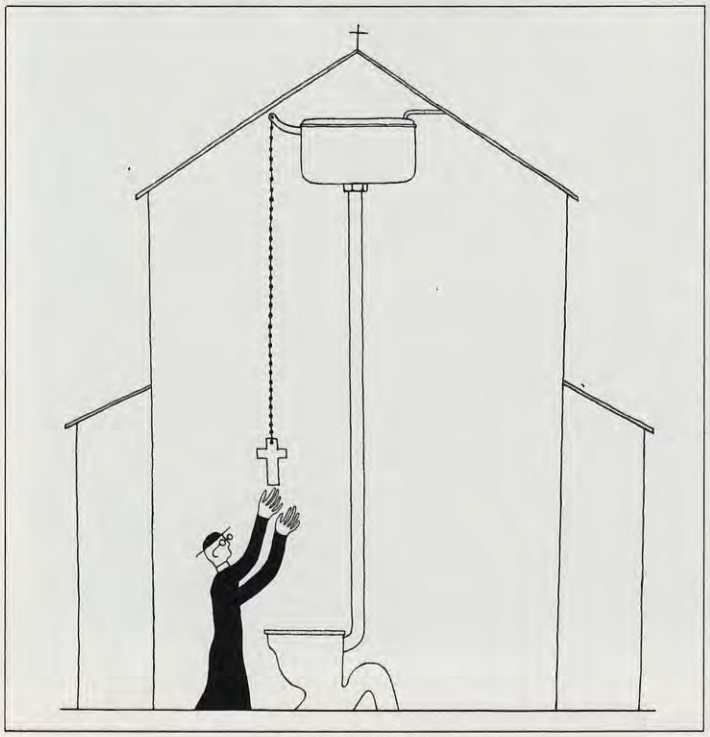
must have been rather easy to scare. The kids in East Harlem would have laughed at them.

Probably, he thought in the colored darkness, he would have been taken in four years ago. Then, with no special interests of his own, interested in everything in general but in nothing in particular, he had been all set to go into his father's brokerage firm, paying minimal attention to the business and maximum attention to bedding, wedding and setting up Elaine and himself in the good life, in whatever order.

Vietnam had intervened. He had arrived there with just enough of an ROTC commission to be assigned to "pacification". He had patrolled the wilting jungle with slum kids who spoke varieties of Spanish and could see through such pompous Latinizations to the smashed small bodies and the cooked flesh of people exactly like themselves—with themselves on the other end of the flamethrowers. He had lost almost as many men to suicide as he had to the Vietcong; and when, after Cambodia, he was Nixoned out, nothing back home looked the same any more.

On the screen, a fiercely black-bearded man in gorgeous Renaissance costume was going mad under the influence of a slow poison which had been administered in some complicated way Ken had missed. He was doing it in an immensely long speech in blank verse, full of mixed metaphors. Characters in ecclesiastical garb hovered behind him, who would turn out to be imposters waiting to administer some even more complicated *coup de grace* after explaining to him at equal length how much they were going to enjoy the job, and why. Elaine was bent forward tensely, her lips parted, totally rapt.

It was like watching somebody rather better than Jackson Pollock trying to make a complex filigree out of a loose stool; misapplied mastery, adding up to nothing. Or like the manipulation of stocks and bonds. When Ken had come back, he had made the mistake of going to see the quiet Puerto Rican who had been his First Sergeant; and there he had seen also the families jammed together five and six to a room, the kids just able to walk playing with empty beer cans for lack of a better toy, the 12-year-old boys hustling for their 13-year-old sisters, the useless young men blustering and shooting craps or pitching pennies by the stoops, the screaming bruised women, the black-eyed unwanted babies, the dried old men who had arrived too late to learn English . . . and the cops hovering around them, waiting for any damn excuse at all to bring in one of their expensively armored riot-control crawlers.



The film ended in a flourish of anti-climactic rhetoric, and the lights went up, to lush music. Elaine leaned back and sighed luxuriously.

"How lovely," she said. "Why can't anybody write like that any more?"

"I don't know," he said, helping her on with her coat. "Maybe we just don't love words that much these days."

"Didn't you like it?"

"I liked quite a lot of it. More of it than I thought I would. Now where? Are you hungry?"

"No, not a bit, but I could use a drink. Someplace quiet."

Quiet? Nowhere. "Cocktail bar next door do?"

"Dandy. My, that was good."

He led her to a booth in the back. "The Stork Club," he said with an elaborate bow.

She smiled. "Ken, are you sure we can afford it?"

"That's right—we have to save money to get married, don't we? When will that be, Elaine?"

"Do we have to talk about that now?" she said softly.

"We have to talk about it sometime. Of course I've guessed what's wrong. It's my job, isn't it? Your mother doesn't approve."

Elaine nodded slightly.

"Do you approve?"

"I do love you, Ken."

"But not enough to buck your mother?" he said, trying to keep it light.

"I wish I understood you," she said, leaning forward. "I thought I did once, but now I'm not sure. This urge to reform everything—no one man can straighten out the mess this country is in. I don't think anybody can, it's too late. And anyhow you've already done your part."

This, obviously, was no more than a parade of somebody else's opinions, and he thought he knew whose. "Go on," he said.

"I just don't understand why you can't live your life without worrying about how other people live theirs," she said, the words coming out all in a rush. "Darling, you're not even their—kind. They must know that as well as you do."

"All right," Ken said. "Go on."

"I mean, what do they matter to you?" Elaine said, a little desperately. "They aren't even anybody to themselves. Please understand, Ken, I'm not blaming them. But I don't see why you have to throw your life away on . . . on a bunch of delinquents—"

"They're everything they're given a chance to be," Ken said, quietly. "Can't you see how important that is, Elaine? As long as people ignore them they'll be delinquents—and worse. But given a decent chance . . . hell, what used to be the two worst gangs in the area are acting as vigilantes now." He stopped and looked at her closely. "Elaine, listen. Will you come down to the Center with me? Right now?"

"But I don't see—"

"Please come down with me this once," he said. "It's a 24 hour operation. I don't know if I can show you the kind of work we're doing—the kind that has to be done. But won't you at least look at it?"

"I've been struggling to understand for a long time, Ken," she said slowly. "I want to be with you, to believe what you believe in, to fight for it with you if I can." She paused. The clichés were still there—she couldn't help it, she thought in them—but at least they were now her own. "If you think it will help, I'll go anywhere."

The first three cabbies he hailed refused to go anywhere near East Harlem, but the fourth was driving one of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

NEVENKA

Yugoslavia, up-and-coming Adriatic vacation venue, yields the belle of the Balkans

SLAVONIC TONIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

By way of highlighting our recent Adriatic achievements (*vide page* 39), we present herewith a pictorial appreciation of Yugoslavia's risingest young actress, 20-year-old Nevenka Dundek, whose already impressive credits in Italy and Germany forfends a promising international career. Tall (5ft 8ins) and lissome (35-24-35), she has appeared in many German movies, a German/Yugoslav co-production, and the recent Italian film *La Grande Paura* (*The Big Fear*). Nevenka is memorably unlike

the celluloid sisterhood—her physical magnetism is underlaid with a seriousness that reflects her rural upbringing in Croatia, in a primitive village near the exquisite Adriatic town of Opatia. When she was 14, her parents moved to Munich, and at 16 she became a fashion model in Germany, but she remains totally Yugoslav. She speaks with simplicity and modesty of how, by the time she was 17, she was one of the best-known mannequins in West Germany and how she eventually broke into films after studying drama at night school. "I always wanted to act, because in acting I can express my emotions: I can commit myself. I think I probably find that difficult to do in everyday life. People either treat you too seriously or too flippantly. They don't really have enough respect for genuine, deeply-felt, sentiments." Nevenka's dedication and

seriousness, uncommon though it is in a girl of her age and persuasion, has contributed greatly to her success. After filming in Italy, she was besieged with offers to stay in Rome, and she has now moved there from Munich, to be at the center of the European moviemaking industry. She has also appeared in a TV adventure series. "It is my ambition to be an international actress," she says shyly. "But I don't yet want to go to Hollywood. I suppose I am frightened by the professionalism of the Americans, but I also believe that Hollywood is a plastic place, where nobody can behave in an genuine way. This is why I don't often go to parties and waste my time in bars and cafés. It is all false, and when you have finished, you have nothing to show for your time and energy. You haven't even learned anything

except never to spend your time like that again." Nevenka's philosophy is shared by the rest of the Dundek family. Her brother Marion, who is 21 and lives and works in London, is hoping to become Nevenka's manager, and to guide her career along lines both profitable and seemly. "There are many ways in which a young girl can make her way into films," suggests the perspicacious Miss Dundek. "Many of the stories you hear about casting couches are true. But the quick way into films is also the quick way out. Very few of the girls who sell themselves for a part ever last." Nevenka believes that she could develop into a screen actress capable of some of the most difficult female roles. A little irreverently, we'd go further than that and say there's definitely a star in the East.

MISS NEVENKA DUNDEK/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

History's Erotic Incidents–8

by Pierre Desfonds

Brian Forbes

WHY LOLA MONTEZ GAVE A MONARCH AN EYEFULL

In pre-Bismarck days Bavaria was an ancient and independent kingdom, ruled by the elderly Ludwig I (a Wagner enthusiast whose later extravagances caused him to be known as Mad King Ludwig). To Munich, his capital, came Lola Montez, a sloe-eyed and raven-haired beauty famed throughout Europe for her wild performances as a Spanish dancer (she was really Irish). The king's aide, Count Rechberg, urged his master to receive Lola, but the king was reluctant. "Why should I," he asked, "meet every dancer who comes tripping in?" Replied the count: "Sire, this one is worth the trouble." The interview, begrudgingly granted, proved to be unforeseeably fateful. For the king was so bemused by Lola's voluptuous contours that he remarked, half to himself, "Can this be nature?" Lola, never one to shirk a challenge, promptly convinced him. She drew a dagger, which she always carried, causing the king to spring back in fear of an assassination attempt. But if Lola had designs on the monarch they were in no way murderous. She had drawn the dagger simply to slit open her dress, which she proceeded to do before the eyes of the fascinated king, exposing her breasts—the real thing—and not stopping till she had cut open the dress well below the navel. The king was not only convinced but captivated. The interview initiated a liaison which brought Lola noble rank and so much influence that she was for a time the real power in Bavaria. Later the relationship all but cost King Ludwig his 100-year-old throne.

Source: *The Queen of Hearts, the passionate pilgrimage of Lola Montez*, by Isaac Goldberg.

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The Penthouse Adriatic

Opening in Yugoslavia – a magical island playground, destined to become the luxury resort experience of all time.

Widening with one dramatic stroke the bounds of what is already the world's fastest-growing publishing and entertainment enterprise, The Penthouse Adriatic, a breathtaking complex of luxury accommodation, gourmet restaurants, gaming rooms, swimming pools and vacation facilities, opens in Yugoslavia on June 15. Richly located on the idyllic island of Krk, a few miles south of Trieste and directly opposite Venice, this mile-long Xanadu of glittering buildings will become for international cognoscenti a premier playground for summer and winter seasons alike. As Yugoslavia's most ambitious hotel-resort development ever, it took two years and the equivalent of $45 million (£18 million) to build. Its

From poolside on one of the many attractively sculptured terraces that descend to the sea, the Penthouse Palace is seen as the center of the mile-long luxury resort complex. It consists of six magnificent suites of two beds each; 30 single and 184 double bedrooms, 54 of which can accommodate a third bed, giving 464 beds in all. Guests on the balconies (left) *can gaze out over the crystal-clear Malinska Bay. The idyllic beaches* (facing page) *are great for trying your hand at a hair-raising spot of beach-buggying. All guests in these pictures are friends of staff and management, testing the facilities for the grand opening on June 15.*

addition to the Penthouse chain is the climax not only to years of detailed negotiation by Editor-Publisher Bob Guccione, but to the magazine's pioneering spirit as the first men's glossy to penetrate the land of Tito. The entire project was shaped by Yugolsavia's grand prix (twice awarded) architect, whose fundamental idea was to build a holiday retreat for lovers of all ages. This concept has conjured up in exquisite Malinska Bay a stirring atmosphere of deep romance, scintillating excitement and unbounded luxury. Crown of the complex is the Penthouse Palace, a gracefully colonnaded construction within whose elegant interior is the Great Lounge, bedecked with hanging gardens, pools and fountains. This is the sumptuous setting for the Anglo-American Penthouse Casino, where sporting guests can choose between American dice, blackjack, French and American roulette, chemin-de-fer and punto banco, with odds and stakes commensurate with the finest casinos in Las Vegas and other principal gaming centers. After play, epicures can indulge their appetites in the main dining room, where 500 pampered guests will enjoy superb cuisine—with first-class Yugoslav and imported wines—as they gaze through wide glass walls at the crystal-clear sea. Adjoining the restaurant is a terrace, shaded from the daytime sun by

Inside the Palace (above) *is the Great Lounge, flanked by hanging gardens, pools and fountains, a unique setting for the compleat Anglo-American Penthouse Casino, where sporting guests can use their skill on a wide variety of tables. The sophisticated buildings* (right) *were designed by Yugoslavia's grand prix architect, and incorporate* (far right, below) *eye-catching swimming pool configurations. Another eye-catching configuration* (far right, above) *makes for the waves in a preliminary try-out of The Penthouse Adriatic beach.*

ornate trellis-work, and at evening a focus for dancing and cocktails. Nearby is the sparkling sculptured swimming pool, which in turn connects with an indoor pool for winter visitors, and the Penthouse sauna baths. Guests can choose between magnificent suites and luxury double or single rooms in the main hotel. Or, if they prefer, they can stay in intimate self-contained villas, sleeping from two to seven people, around the manicured grounds and gardens. For those who appreciate the rigors of outdoor sports, there are water-skiing, fishing, riding, a US regulation length bowling alley, an 18-hole golf course, skin-diving and shooting. In an environment favored with 2,000 sun-hours a year, the beaches and water are totally free of pollution, and the air is fresh, clean and invigorating. During the day, relaxing guests can explore the "fishing village", a brand-new reconstruction of a typical Adriatic old-world coastal community, which though it contains 34 luxury apartments with from three to six beds each, has imaginatively captured the feeling of long-ago Yugoslavia. The island of Krk has its own airport, just 12 minutes away from the main complex, yet capable of handling 707s and stretch-DC9s from all major air centers. In sum, The Penthouse Adriatic is a more-than-rarefied rendezvous for the sophisticated and appreciative traveler who demands the kind of cosseting that only Penthouse understands and provides.

Seen from the center's marina (right) *is the jewel-like "fishing village", which was completed in 1971. Although it contains 34 luxury apartments with from three to six beds each, kitchen, dining and living rooms, it was intended to recapture the charm of the ancient coastal towns for which the Adriatic is famous. The village contains shops, boutiques, bars and restaurants, giving it all the facilities and self-contained detachment of a mini-resort in its own right. Outdoor relaxation and recreations are varied from* (below left) *basking in Yugoslavia's generous sun to* (below right) *tackling a motorboat with a strictly two-man crew. Gourmet diners* (bottom) *will enjoy first-class cuisine in open-air setting.*

The Penthouse Adriatic

Here's your chance to join in the most exciting and exotic resort experience of all time—the Penthouse Adriatic, a mile-long vacation complex on the magical island of Krk, in sunsoaked Yugoslavia. Opening on June 15, the Adriatic is specifically tailored to pamper the most exacting of guests in every way. Accommodation, cuisine, recreations and entertainments are all luxury class, and the list of facilities, from gaming to skindiving, is one of the most complete in the world. Speedily and comfortably reached from its own airport, the island complex offers a wide variety of suites, rooms and villas, catering for every occasion from the very intimate to the highly social. There's swimming in the Adriatic's pollution-free waters, dancing, dining, sightseeing and sports: in all, a complete island paradise in Europe's most up-and-coming resort location. Write now for more details.

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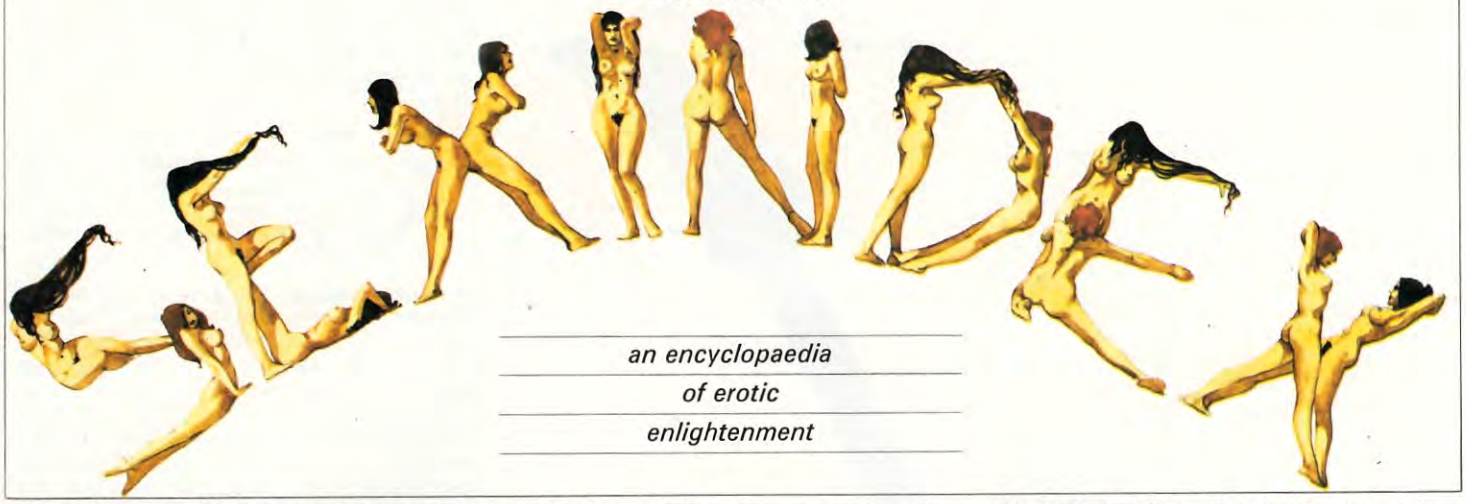


an encyclopaedia of erotic enlightenment

cervical smear: Medical test for women in which a small swab is inserted in the vagina and tissues taken from the cervix (neck of the womb) to test for cancer. Wide-scale use followed fears that the Pill might prove carcinogenic, but in fact recent experiments seem to indicate that the progesterone in the Pill actually inhibits cancer. The risk is highest in women who (*a*) have had children; (*b*) lost their virginity at an early age; (*c*) come from the lower social classes. There is some evidence that wives of uncircumcised men also have an increased risk; cervical cancer is virtually unknown among Jewish women. As the smear test is quick and simple to perform and its results invaluable (the cancer can be cured if detected early, with no loss of child-bearing ability), it is hoped to make it a universal preventive practice for mature women, possibly even self-administered.

chastity: Abstinence from sexual intercourse usually on the part of virgins, clergy or ascetics. In Christian civilizations chastity has been traditionally regarded as virtuous, if impractical, an attitude unchanged until contemporary times. In an unmarried girl chastity is now more prized in oriental cultures, *e.g.* Hindu, than in the West, where it is increasingly uncommon for a bride to be a virgin. Chastity was espoused as an ideal by the early Christians under Pauline influence, and endured to cause agonies (often through omission) to generations of the devout including notably St Augustine. Its origins, however, go back farther, and there were "temple virgins" in ancient Rome and Greece. Chastity can also be a temporary rite. Some primitive tribes, believing that pleasure stems from evil sources, abstain from sex for up to a week before a long journey or hunting trip in hopes of improving their luck.

Geoffrey Chaucer, bawdy bard.

chastity belt: Crotch contraption required to be worn by medieval ladies to prevent adultery while their Crusader husbands were away. Normally made of iron, the belt was attached to a crotchpiece covering the vagina, sometimes with a screen to permit urination, and could be padlocked in place. In museums many specimens survive, as does a folklore of picked padlocks and duplicate keys. Chastity belts in a revived form sell briskly in the permissive society (an English firm exports them all over the world), but more as a tease than a deterrent.

Chastity belt in action.

Chaucer, Geoffrey (*c.* 1345-1400): English poet known to generations of students for his bawdy but uncompleted *Canterbury Tales,* a set book in most English Literature courses. Son of a vintner and tavernkeeper, Chaucer died poor, but is believed to have been married to a Lady of the Queen's Bedchamber. The earthy flavour of his ribald humour is distilled in the noted passage from the Miller's Tale:

"Dark was the night as pich, or as the cole,
And at the window out she putte hir hole.
And Absalon, him fil ne bet ne wers
But with his mouth he kiste hir naked ers
Ful savourly, er he was war of this."

Chesser, Dr Eustace (1902-): English author, psychiatrist and sex educator, whose *Love Without Fear* was a landmark in liberal attitudes to sex. A pioneer of marriage guidance, he is research director for the Council into Marriage & Human Relationships.

child prostitution: Practice hard to define owing to variations in the age of consent in different parts of the world. In mid-Victorian Britain, when the supply of virgin girls of 13-16 for defloration (at £20-£40 a time) was a trade of European dimensions, the age of consent was 12. In equatorial climates it is often no older even today. As consent can so easily be enjoined, it is difficult to distinguish child prostitution in such conditions from adult prostitution. The trade in virgins was stamped out in Britain in the 1880s when sales of children by working-class parents became the subject of legislation and the age of consent was raised to 16. This followed the exposure by the crusading editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* W. T. Stead, in a celebrated series of articles entitled "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon". Among places where prostitution of early-teenage girls survives are Brazil, Venezuela, and Argentina—where a Rumanian named Derderian recently revived the Polish Zwi Migdal syndicate of 30 years earlier and organized under-age girls (as well as women) for prostitution in the petroleum area of Patagonia, where males easily outnumber females. In Europe the yen for a young virgin occasionally surfaces, as in the Ballet Rose case in Paris (1960), in which Pierre Sorlut, an inspector in the French secret police, and other government and business personalities were found to have engaged young girls—including one of 12—to take part in orgies.

circumcision: Operation to remove the foreskin from the penis, occasionally necessary when the skin is too tight to permit the emergence of the glans but usually done for traditional and/or religious reasons. Among Jews (and also Mohammedans) circumcision is a purification rite dating from ancient times. Christianity inherited it, celebrating January 1st as the Circumcision of Christ, an ecclesiastical festival. Medically the practice has long been rationalized as a hygienic measure to prevent the accumulation of smegma between glans and foreskin, but many doctors discount this point, as infection is virtually unknown. There appears to be no good reason for uncovering the glans permanently, as the foreskin stretches and pulls back when the penis erects in the adult male. As circumcision is usually done soon after birth it carries a clear risk for no obvious gain, which is why medical opinion is beginning to turn against it. There is no firm evidence one way or the other about the effect on pleasure during intercourse.

cirque erotique: A private erotic circus

organized in Paris between the two World Wars, in which nude girls pedalled bicycles round a sawdust ring in a race to see who would be the first to reach orgasm from friction against the saddle. Only a few performances were staged.

clap: See *gonorrhoea.*

Cleopatra (69-30 BC): Queen of Egypt and female lead in two of history's most famous romances: as mistress of Julius Caesar, then as lover and wife of Mark Antony. Despite what Shakespeare wrote about her she is not believed to have been a great beauty. But she appears to have compensated with wit, showmanship and skilful use of make-up and hair dye. According to Meriochane, she was an addict of fellatio, and was nicknamed "The Gaper" because she fellated 100 men in one night.

clitoridectomy: Surgical removal of the clitoris, not to be confused with female circumcision. The purpose of clitoridectomy, an ancient custom still prevalent in parts of Muslim Africa, the Middle East and South Africa, is obscure. Among reasons advanced are to discourage masturbation, to enhance "vaginality", to improve the vulva aesthetically, and to promote fidelity by reducing sexual sensation. The operation is usually done in childhood, the girl sitting with legs held apart while the "surgeon" squeezes the clitoris till it stiffens and then slices it off with one stroke. There are many variations to the practice. In the Sudan the clitoris is sometimes stung with nettles to make it larger and more accessible. In Egypt the operation is done by *ghaziyeh* ("apt for two tricks", i.e. vaginal and anal intercourse), prostitute dancing girls. Female or clitoral circumcision, widely performed among Mohammedans as a religious rite, is the removal of the

African clitoridectomy knife

clitoral prepuce. The clitoris itself is left intact. This operation is occasionally done in Western countries when a heavily hooded clitoris hinders sexual enjoyment.

clitoris: Erectile female sexual organ situated at the front junction of labiae minorae, anatomically a vestigial penis. Containing a rich network of nerves, it is the principal seat of erotic sensation in women. Despite its erectile tissue the clitoris is rarely more than an eighth of an inch long, and is often so small that it is difficult to locate at all. The most sensitive part is its lower side. Clitoral sensitivity is so great that direct stimulation is generally uncomfortable, and stimulation of the adjacent areas is preferred. Erotic aids include various ticklers fitted over the base of the penis for increasing friction of the clitoral area during copulation. For reasons of appearance; the clitoris is sometimes known as "the old man in the boat".

coition (also **coitus**): Insertion of the erect male penis into the female vagina, with mutual stimulation by movement. This is the principal act of sex, culminating in ejaculation by the male and insemination (unless prevented) of the female. In the male, orgasm accompanies ejaculation; in the female it takes the form of pleasurable muscular spasms and may occur before, during or after the male's—or not at all. By way of physiological preparation for coition, the penis secretes a small amount of lubricant and the vagina a much greater amount. Coition is also of course possible with artificial lubrication.

coitus interruptus: Withdrawal of penis during coitus immediately before ejaculation, so that no sperm enters the female vagina. Done for prophylactic purposes but ill-advised for two main reasons: (*a*) semen can "leak" out of the penis before ejaculation occurs, and (*b*) the psychological effect of withdrawal on both man and woman is frustration and dissatisfaction. Repeated coitus interruptus has been known to lead to female frigidity. Sperm dropped in the vicinity of the vagina has also been known to cause pregnancy—since it is not essential for semen to be deposited inside the woman. Common in 19th-century France, the practice was known there as *la chamade* (the retreat), *la prudence* and *la discrétion.*

coitus obstructus: Method of birth control in which the base of the penis is gripped tightly between finger and thumb at the moment of ejaculation, thereby redirecting the sperms into the bladder. Doctors believe it to be psychologically disastrous and medically harmful, with risk of pelvic congestion and prostatic complaints.

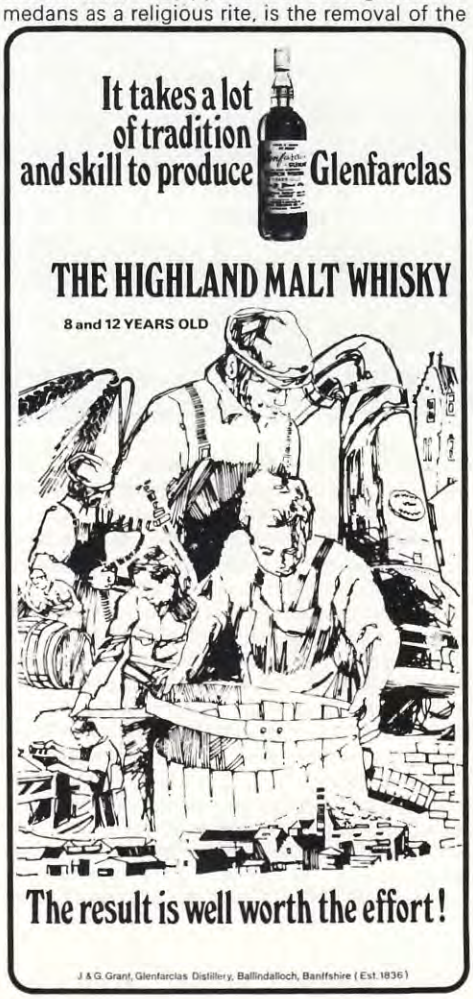
Comfort, Alex (1920-): English author, zoologist and geriatrician, noted for his writings on new sexual attitudes, including the satirical novel *Come out to play,* and the sociological *Sex in Society.* A poet and essayist, he has also translated medieval Sanskrit erotica.

computer dating: Matching of strangers of opposite sexes by electronic sorting of personal data. A semi-scientific development of the old friendship bureaux, computer dating relies heavily on the aptness of the questionnaire for applicants' tastes, views, and requirements. If the ingredients of compatibility could be identified accurately, the system would produce theoretically ideal pairs and eliminate the haphazard nature of ordinary courtship. Meanwhile it makes a good living for its operators on both sides of the Atlantic and provides a reasonably efficient introduction service.

Comstock, Anthony: American prodnose who, as secretary and special agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, inspired the 1873 Comstock Law, which forbade the distribution of obscene matter (including contraceptive information) through the U.S. mails. Comstock himself brought hundreds of legal actions against those who infringed it. He so successfully harried Margaret Sanger (*q.v.*) in her attempts to popularize birth control that she eventually fled to Europe, only returning after his death. A man of minimal culture, he boasted towards the end of his life that he had caused some 2,500 "criminals" to be convicted (*i.e.* for indecency) and the destruction of 80 tons of erotic books and pictures.

conception: Fertilization of female ovum by male sperm, causing pregnancy. Most likely to occur between 12th and 17th day of menstrual cycle, though possible at every stage except when the ovum is not yet released. As the male ejaculates about 350 million spermatozoa and the female normally has only one ovum, the surprising thing is that the majority of copulations—as statistics demonstrate—do not produce pregnancy. The most favourable coital position for conception is considered to be with the woman on her back and her knees drawn up to her breasts, which facilitates insemination exactly at the opening of the cervix. The woman need not achieve orgasm to conceive, but possibly the orgasmic contractions of the uterus help to draw the spermatozoa into the uterine cavity. For 2000 years theologians have been exercised by the problem of whether conception occurs at the time of intercourse, or when ovum and sperm meet—which may be several days later—or when the fertilized egg becomes imbedded in the uterine wall where it can develop. These distinctions highlight the difficulty of belief in the soul, but have no practical relevance.

concubine: Unmarried female consort, or—in some societies—secondary wife. Though intrinsically unofficial, the concubine has sometimes been regulated, as among the Hebrews in Biblical times, who were permitted to take a concubine (*zonah*) for breeding purposes if their wife failed to produce a son. Romans could have concubines, but only if not already married—officially monogamy was observed. Today concubinage lingers on only in such places as the Arabian peninsula, where rich sheikhs can afford to support harems.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The shortlist for the
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Pet of the Year Play off

For the first time, our annual election of the premier Pet is an international operation, with readers from both sides of the Atlantic casting votes for their favorite. Until now, separate Pets of the Year have been selected for our U.S. and U.K. editions, with the effect that two titleholders reigned simultaneously. In future only one Pet of Pets will prevail, and she will be the choice of an international electorate of upwards of two million discerning males. This immensely expanded endorsement will enhance the prestige of top Pet, and correspondingly improve her expectations of film, promotion and modeling opportunities inspired by the Penthouse selection.

In preparation for this joint arrangement, the same Pets have been featured monthly in the U.S. and British editions over the past year, and from the written response elicited by each girl's appearance all but a terminal trio of reader-preferred Pets have been eliminated. On your left, Cassandra Harrington, one-time Penthouse staffer; in the center, Vida Farthing, now a top model; on your right, Tina McDowall, first of the Pet Executives. From these three hopefuls, readers are invited to choose the lucky one, who will receive not only the coveted title of Pet of the Year but the double distinction of being our first-ever international superPet. In making your final selection, the editors invite you to give consideration to the personality of the candidate, as revealed in the text accompanying her Pet of the Month appearance, for the Pet of the Year should represent the acme of modern outgoing femininity. To participate along with the editors in the Penthouse poll, just mail the name of your comely candidate to our New York or London office, marking the letter or postcard "Pet of the Year". Name lesser choices too if you like—it could help to break a tie. The outcome of your less-than-onerous labors will be announced in our 3rd Anniversary Issue next September.

Picked from their peers by Pet partisans among readers, these are the three contestants for the uplifted title of Pet of the Year. Vida Farthing (left) *the Pet for U.S. July 1971 and U.K. vol. 6 no. 4, was a Cocktail Pet at the London Penthouse Club when she was "discovered", one of several girls who have found this a first step to success. Tina McDowall* (center), *who appeared in U.S. August 1970, and U.K. vol. 5 no. 6, has been a Penthouse Club Pet since the club's opening, and her unfailing smile of greeting has been many a member's first experience of this popular London venue. Cassandra Harrington* (right), *was centerspread girl in the U.S. February 1971 issue, U.K. vol. 5 no. 11. She began her Penthouse career as an assistant in the magazine's London art department, a clear demonstration that the grass in your own field can be greener Now read on.*

A Cass in Point

Always a moderate, 21-year-old Cassandra (Cass) Harrington, one-time art assistant in the Penthouse studios in London, has finally realized her philosophy by marrying happily, and she now lives with her American husband in Germany. Raised in rural Rutland, England's smallest county, Cass brought a decorative 38-24-36 to the magazine's design, and an oft-times refreshing attitude to her work. "I like working for a living," she declared. "I want to change things, but unlike hippies, I prefer order and balance." The order and balance of her own statistics make her a hot contender for the title.

Veni, Vida, Vici

Vida Farthing's appearance in this issue is doubly appropriate, since she was one of the Pets who flew to Yugoslavia last year on a five-day promotion tour for the Penthouse Adriatic resort complex. Now 20, Vida left her native Harlow, in Essex, England, to work as Cocktail Pet in the London Penthouse Club, where her 38-22-35 soon caught the eye of Editor-Publisher Bob Guccione. Following her Pet-of-the-Month pictorial, Vida was inundated with offers, and is now a top photographic and TV model, tipped to take over from Britain's Vivian Neves (another Penthouse discovery) as the No. 1 model of 1973. She is calm about her overnight success in attaining her ambitions, but nonetheless retains a natural sense of wonder. "I've always loved the idea of travel to faraway places," she says. "I suppose I'm calm because when it actually happened it was all like a dream." Her all-time favorite dream, however, is the one in which she's elected top Pet . . .

Great Scot

Glasgow-born Tina McDowall, whose first Pet portfolio was photographed on yet another promotional tour of Yugoslavia, is the magazine's first Pet Executive. She will shortly be leaving for the United States to take up permanent residence in New York, where her 36-23-36 will grace the Penthouse mansion. Her task there will be Pet Promotions Manager. Tina, now 21, has ample experience for her exacting new role: she opened the Penthouse Club in London and has been a reception Pet ever since then. What's more, she has made innumerable promotion trips for the magazine in America and Europe. She is overcoming an early fear of newsmen and TV reporters, and attesting a liking for the bright lights and ballyhoo that inevitably accompany a Penthouse publicity trip. "I'm very flattered that I've been short-listed for the Pet of the Year," she says. "I'm just not going to think about winning—I'd be too pleased."

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BY JOHN MENDES

PACK LEADERS

Old-time Hollywood movie stars travelled to England in the grand manner: docking at Southampton in one of the Queens, accompanied by 25 trunks and sundry bits of hand luggage. It just does not happen like that anymore. The Boeing 707, the VC10 and the Trident won't ship your wardrobe. Jet aircraft penalize excess weight and around 44 lbs (convert it into kilos if you must) is all that BOAC, PanAm and BEA allow for luggage without charges so excessive the passenger will think he is buying the airline, not just paying for a ride.

Pundits like my fashion-conscious colleague, John Taylor, will no doubt agree that the lightweight travel forced upon us by the airlines has had a significant influence on men's clothes. Regular jet-about business executives were pioneers of the lighter fashion look and of man-made fibres which did not need pressing. They also forced Neanderthal-age restaurateurs in world capitals to accept customers who did not wear black ties—the bounders—for a dinner jacket was excess weight better utilized by another pair of shoes or a few more shirts.

But no matter how much you, the traveller, get down the kilos of your wardrobe, the biggest saving will be made by your choice of luggage. The old-type heavy leather grip or case, all done up with straps and buckles, is a ridiculous clothes container when flying off on a business trip to sell computers in Casablanca or just flipping down to Tunis for a relaxing week away from toil. Your grip will weigh so much that there will be no chance of packing Gibbon's *Decline and Fall Of The Roman Empire,* which you intend to read a little bit every evening, rather than fall into evil ways at the casinos, or with the gorgeous woman sitting next to you on the flight who—sometimes we are lucky!—also happens to be in a room on the same floor of the Hotel Splendide.

Fortunately, makers of luggage are well abreast of the times, and the modern stuff is built down to a weight. It is not, I regret to say, built down to a price, and a lot of it can be remarkably expensive. The choice is usually between soft canvas or leather grips, semi-rigid cases with aluminium frames and flexible coverings, or glass fibre cases with plastic imitation coverings. An expert I talked to in a store not 1,000 miles from Knightsbridge suggested canvas is better than phony leather, for while real leather looks better the more it is scuffed and scrapped, plastic polywhatnot just gets scruffy in old age. Take your choice, but the average 21 inch case or grip should not weigh much more than 6 lbs when empty if it is to qualify for the Penthouse lightweight seal of approval.

Let us start with the fine Lancashire firm of Antler, who do both hard and flexible luggage for the jet-set at reasonable prices. Their Airstream range, with a glass fibre moulded body, runs from £16.50 to £25, and a handy size is the Weekender (sorry to get on that subject again) which is 21 x 16 x 6½ ins., weighs 6 lbs, and has a capacity of 2,180 cu. in. Colours are black, blue and red. On the grip side they do the GT Soft Side, vinyl panels with steel frames, in black, teak and honey. The Flight Case is 20 x 15 x 5 ins., weighs 4 lbs, and has a 1,500 cu. in. capacity. Prices from £6 to £9.50.

Globe-Trotter have vulcanized fibre cases which look remarkably traditional, all angular and boxy, but the 120 range in blue, brown and charcoal includes a 22 x 13 x 7 in. case which weighs only 5 lbs and sells for under £8.

The American firm of Citation use aluminium frames covered in flexible Hercuron, in black, tan and red, and the 24 in. is £25.50, the 27 in. £36.50. Citation run to a combination lock on their cases, which is fine if you do not forget the number. Or try the Canadian Samsonite, a lightweight hard box in bright red; the 21 in. is £23.50. Another Canadian firm, Renwick, do small grips in genuine caribou hide. They look superb, and ought to, for they start from £35. Ventura do soft cases in a sort of carpet-bag fabric covering; the 21 in. is £34.50.

From Spain there is the Tauro range, soft tan-coloured grips from around £16; from the U.S. the Aeropak tan-coloured conventional but lightweight 29 in. suitcase for £26; again from the U.S. the Invicta range of semi-rigid grips with the 24 in. Junior Pullman at £28.50.

In the lightweight luggage market the wings range—with names like Wild Ducks and Flying Ducks—is great fun. A host of soft cases in bright colours, zipped expanding duffle and shoulder bags—from £11 upwards. Or there is the Molmay Allpack, a soft grip for £13.95.

These recommended prices are approximates but they give a fair idea of what you have to pay to look your best on the airways of the world. Here's wishing you painless packing and a safe and speedy trip.

THE TROUBLE WITH HAIR

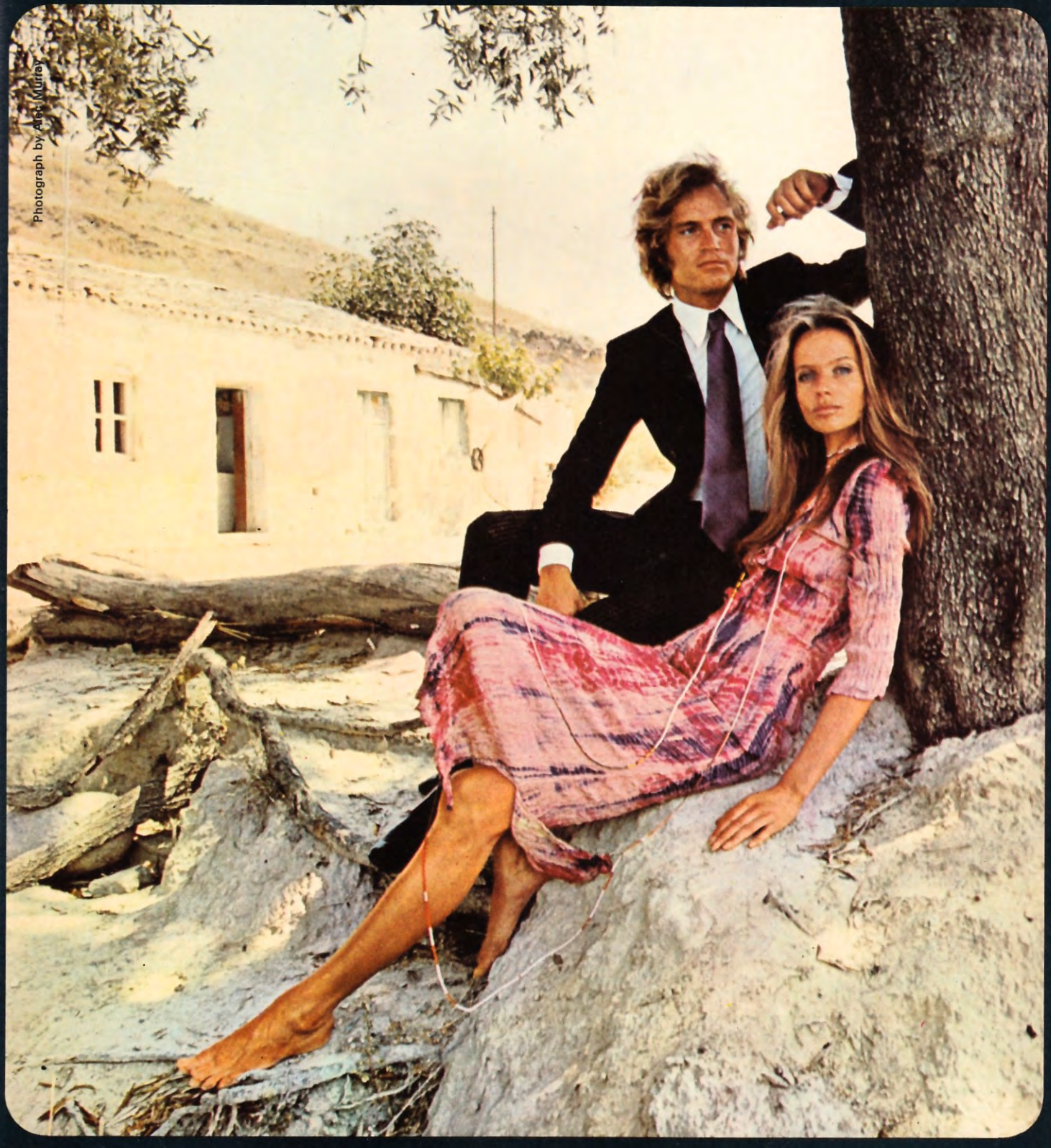
If ever TV (either BBC or the commercial variety, I am not fussy) do John Mendes' Casebook, a lot of the episodes will be about hair. For men worry about their hair more than anything else, except possibly their prowess in bed and, as I have said on more than one occasion, that is an area for Forum rather than Groom at the Top. Men worry about going bald, about finding strands of hair in the plughole after a bath, about whether they should tint or bleach, go long or short, or be straight or waved. A lot also worry about dandruff, an unromantic affliction which leaves unsightly powder on the coat collar and is, in fact, an infection of the scalp.

A remarkably effective treatment is a cream called Lenium. It contains selenium sulphide, which lifts the dandruff scales so that they can be washed away, and bithionol, which acts on the microorganisms thought to be associated with the problem. It is used like ordinary shampoos, but is not intended to replace them. The treatment consists of washing with Lenium twice a week for two weeks, then once a week for a further two weeks, and after that at three to six week intervals. It can be got in a 42 gram tube from chemists, and does not need a prescription. Be sure to rinse the hair thoroughly after use, and also wash your hands.

ASSIGNATION IN THE SUN

Veruschka imperiously resting. Long limbed, bare-footed. Byzantine figure in a changeless landscape.

...AND TONIK IS ESCORT!



Photograph by Alex Murray

The Mohair Cloth for Men *from the best bespoke tailors*

Tonik* BY DORMEUIL

Photograph by David Dagley

some of the hard stuff

A brandy primer—second in the new regular series by Penthouse's resident connoisseur by Kingsley Amis

Rather as most of the best wine comes from grapes that aren't worth eating, the best brandy is distilled from wine that isn't worth drinking. By universal consent, the finest brandies of all are produced in the (luckily) sizeable region of Cognac in south-western France. The lowest grade you'll run into is the old Three-Star—Hennessy, Martell, Bisquit Dubouché, Courvoisier, Hine, etc. They're not as different from one another as they used to be, but they're all good and readily obtainable. I go for Hine, partly because it comes in the least fancy bottle.

Since the abolition of resale price maintenance and the advent of cash-and-carry, naming a price for these and most other drinks is tricky. If you're unlucky, or too lazy to shop around, you may have to pay about £4 for a Three-Star; if you know where to go you can get one for under £3.20. So take note: all prices given in this article and future ones must be taken as *extremely approximate*—if that's English.

The higher grades are delicious and horribly dear. Rémy Martin V.S.O.P. (Very Superior Old Pale, they say) is worth its £5.50 or so, while if you have a £10 note you don't want much change out of and fancy trying one of the greatest drinks in the world, ask for Hennessy XO. Best value in this range, to my palate, is the splendid Delamain at about £6. Pale and dry, delicate and light, is what's on the label, and I can't improve on that.

The Armagnac district produces a brandy softer than cognac, preferred by many. Try Malliac at about £4. Warning: unless you know your restaurant, or have the nerve to make them bring the bottle to your table, avoid armagnac when eating out. Too often what you'll get is cooking brandy, wholesome enough, and intoxicating, but not what you're paying for.

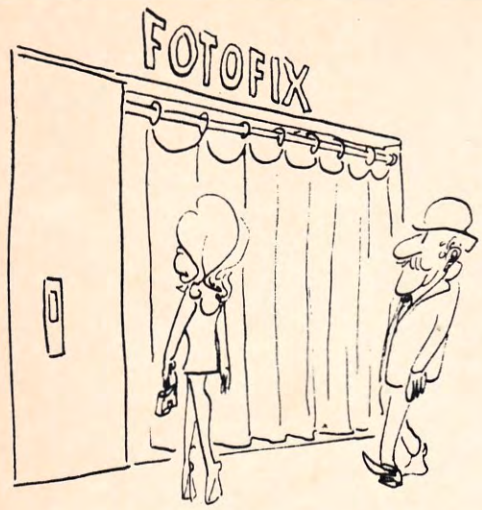
Marc (you may have to get a Frenchified pal to teach you how to pronounce it) is a form of brandy made from the skins, pips and other debris left after wine-pressing. I love it, but you may not, so approach it not by laying out about £4 for a whole bottle, but via a shot in a restaurant. Safe: nobody could fake marc.

All wine-producing countries are also brandy-producing countries. Most non-French brandies are best sampled cautiously and where they're made; the duty makes them a bad buy in the U.K. Two exceptions: Italy and South Africa.

Straight Italian brandies are not much cop but their grappa, made on the marc principle though not tasting much like it, is something else. De Bernard, imported by F.S. Matta Ltd and retailing at about £3.90, is good, unusual in being clear instead of straw-coloured. Ignore the revolting bottle if you can.

South African K.W.V. Very Old Liqueur brandy at about £3.35 is well worth a try. (Obtainable at Harrod's and elsewhere; if in difficulty apply to South African Wine Farmers' Association Ltd.) Not much like a French brandy, but then you wouldn't expect a Spanish red wine to taste like burgundy. The same people's Essays Three Star is excellent value and under £3; not for drinking straight, but perfectly okay, and a justified economy, with ice and soda or dry ginger.

Sip your after-dinner cognac, or whatever, slowly out of a small tulip-shaped glass which you've warmed in your hand—artificial heating is out—and around which you keep swishing the stuff. Sounds like bullshit; but, as so often in the sphere of drink, apparent bullshit turns out to be the way to get the most out of what's in front of you. No need to bother with those balloon-shaped snifter glasses: they look nice but to connoisseurs they *are* bullshit.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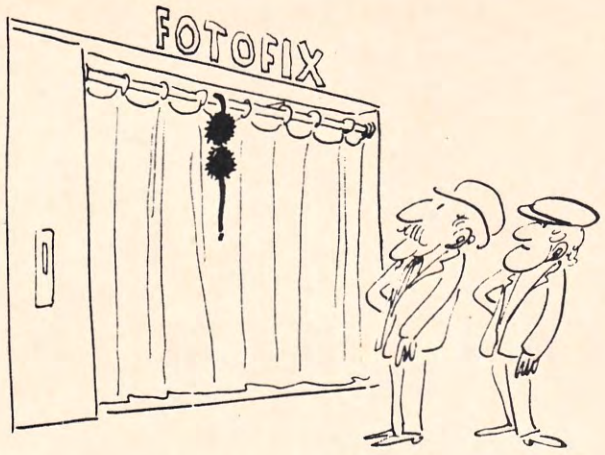
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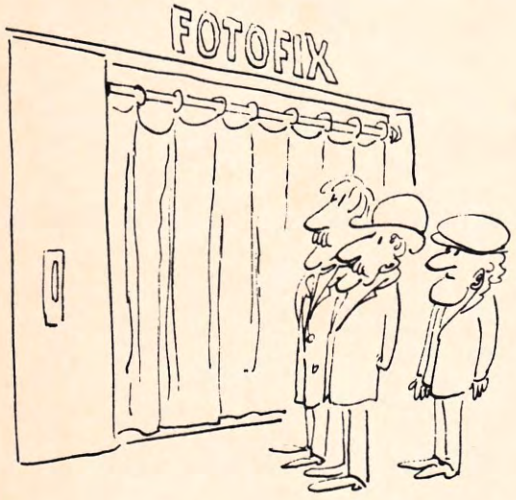
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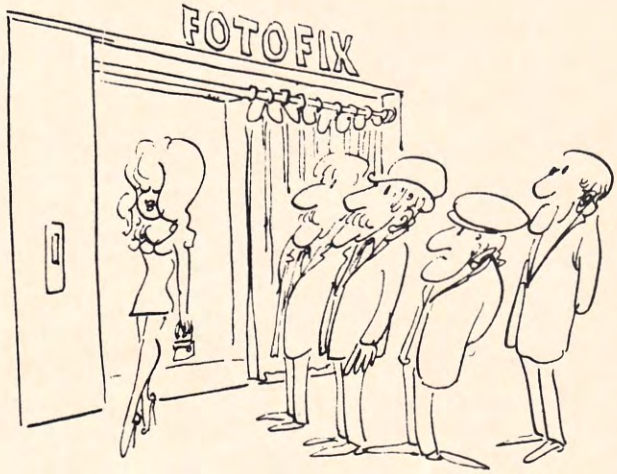
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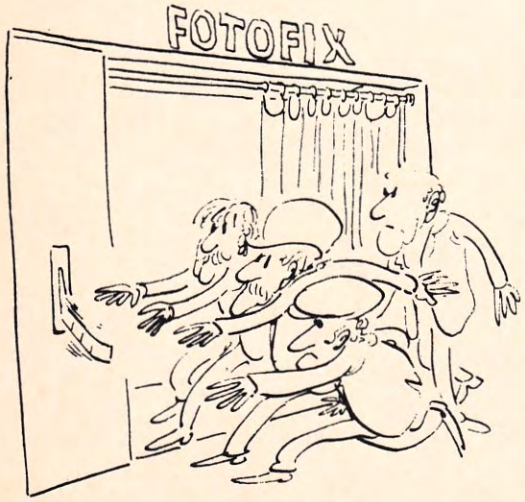
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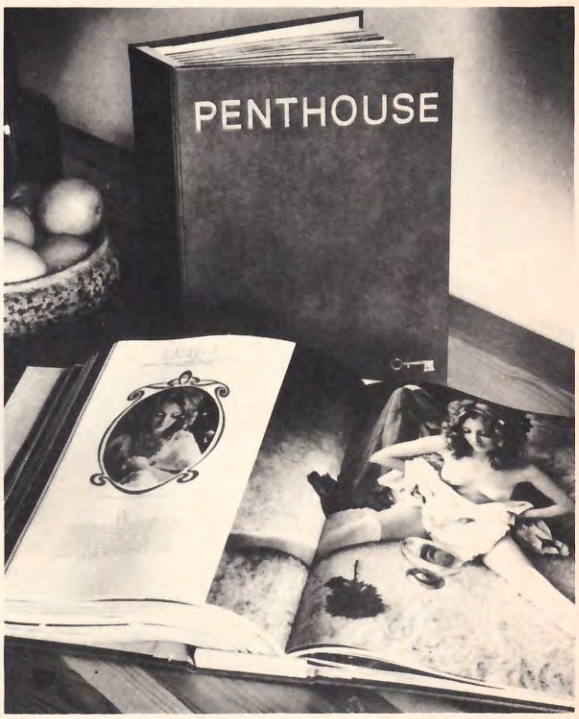

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A LUSTY GUIDE TO PARIS

The lid off Gay Paree,
as revealed in
the season's frankest new guidebook *
by **Allan H. Mankoff**.

Graham McCallum

* From the Paris chapter of *Mankoff's Lusty Europe: The First All-Purpose European Guide to Sex, Love, and Romance*—with over 1500 addresses. Copyright by Allan H. Mankoff, published as a Richard Seaver Book by the Viking Press, Inc., June 1972.

The French need no introduction. Everything you have heard about them is true.

Les Partouzes: "Sexual sharing," or a party devoted to these activities. Probably from *parti,* a "party;" and/or the verb *partager,* "to share." See *Heath's New French Dictionary:* "partageur—sharer . . . communist."

The fact that sexual sharing occurs at private parties and gatherings here is of no more than academic interest to most Paris visitors. Unless they have been invited. Though group sex has had a recent vogue in America, largely inspired by the mass media, the French lay some justifiable claim to having started the whole affair, at least in modern times.

Some Americans, especially Southern Californian ones (and some English, especially those who chase round a certain house in Clapham) may be interested to know that in Paris there have existed for decades—and exist right now, right this minute—public houses where couples seeking random sexual and/or social intercourse with like-minded couples can easily find it at virtually any hour. (Except in the morning. Even the French won't do this sort of thing in the morning.) The principal appeal seems to be the excitement of making love with a stranger—someone you have never seen before and may never see again—and the anonymity afforded by such liaisons. At last one has the answer to the question posed in *Alice in Wonderland:* "What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?"

The word is *"partouzes"* (rhymes with "car shoes"). The practice reached its zenith during the Twenties when the French discovered the motor car to be an ideal vehicle for promoting chance meetings of couples. *It is not an orgy,* at least not an orgy "American-style". There is comparatively little drinking, no drugs, and usually no complicated sex mélanges; homosexuals, for example, have their own *partouzes.* In France one does not mix his pleasures.

There are orderly, reasonably discreet, well-kept three- or four-storey *pensions* where you pay a fee of between 80 and 90F per couple, ostensibly the price of two drinks. (One franc equals 21 U.S. cents, or 0.8 British new pence.) Unofficially this grants you the option, or at least the opportunity, to do anything sexual with anyone present (excluding the help), provided they are willing. They usually are. As a "partouzer" one is presumed game for anything. (Apparently there is no illegality involved here; the following establishments were traced with the aid of the police).

Nonetheless, a certain decorum is preserved, calculated to respect the rights of the individual, and it is perfectly acceptable for one to spend the entire afternoon and/or evening watching. Some do, most voyeurs being men. But very few females walk out of a *partouzes* without having had at least one sexual experience, though it is entirely possible for a woman to abstain completely. Nobody forces.

The Rue Boursault Place: Somewhere near the mid-point of the long, narrow, dark Rue Boursault in a middle-class residential section of the 17th *arrondissement* (district) you enter a courtyard and approach the lighted doorway of a well-kept *résidence meublé* (house of furnished rooms).

You ring, hand in hand with a nervous but determined American executive secretary who has lived in Paris for two years and who, like yourself, has "never been to such a place in my life! . . . I always wanted to try it once," she told you when you met earlier today, "but never had the nerve to do it with a *partouzes* addict like my boss. He's English. Always trying to persuade me to go with him, just to see my reaction, he says."

A dowdy maid answers, gives you your " 'soirm'ssieumadam'," lets you in quickly, takes your drink order and your 90 francs, and shows you the stairs. On the first floor there are four doors, each slightly ajar. You enter the first because the room is empty. Ordinary cheap but serviceable room—clean, bed made, metallic furniture. But wait . . . the proportions of that bed! It is twice as wide as it is long. And there is clothing hanging all over the walls on hooks—panties, ties, shirts, shorts, suits, and dresses. And the window curtains are tightly drawn. Behind the plastic drapes are a bidet, toilet, stall shower, and sink with mirror. Also plenty of clean towels and an opened bottle of red mouthwash on the sink.

You undress nervously, trying to avoid looking at each other. Soon you are naked. The girl keeps her panties and bra on. Sexual revolution or not (or is it evolution?), you have only just met. A thrill of expectation as feminine giggles sound from another room. Just then the maid enters with two large Scotches, and promptly leaves. That rather breaks the ice—a third person. You both laugh, relax on the bed, sip your drinks, and wait. But not for long.

The door swings open and a naked couple enters, laughing in French. They make right for *your* bed and ignoring the two of you, lie down and begin to fondle each other. You scrunch up against the mirrored wall, thinking, "If I don't notice them they will go away." But in spite of yourself, the corner of your eye records the most minute details.

He is balding, dark, fiftyish; has Patek Phillipe platinum watch, no wedding band, and big scar on shoulder. War? *Résistance?* Very hairy big stomach, strong calves. Tennis player? She is vivacious, 35 or so, with medium build, good legs, smallish bosom, and scar on tummy. Children? Big diamond ring and wedding band; no make-up, red hair, very intelligent face. Thus far, it's like your first time in an indoor nudist colony. You reach for your cigarettes in your breast pocket and discover your breast.

Another couple wander in. He's about 40 and well-built. Could be a cabinet maker or a cabinet minister. Who knows? When people are naked they're just . . . naked people. His partner is a knockout: pouty pretty face, about 25, sun bronzed with no bikini white marks. Your secretary feels a bit foolish: she's the only one in the room with clothes on. She climbs out of her panties, yanks off her bra and hangs them on the wall.

And you observe Balding resting his right hand on her knee. Now he's stroking her thigh, while maintaining contact with Vivacious with his left hand. In this instance the right hand *does* know what the left hand is doing.

"What do I do?" pleads Secretary, who is the only one in the room who has no French.

"Do you like him?"

"That's not the point," she snaps.

"Try getting up and walking around the room."

Secretary does and Balding goes right on stroking his Vivacious. He's nonplussed, shows no offense. Two expectant couples enter the room followed by an interested voyeur. You

and Secretary wander out to do a bit of exploring. What you're really seeking is an empty room to digest the first shock of the place.

Room number two: A youngish couple beckon from their bed. Airline stewardess? Sorbonne professor?

Room three: Four couples chatting. *Médecin? Avocat? Chefs?* Four nurses? *Avocat* and one of the nurses begin to . . . Exciting noises coming from the hall! Something is going on upstairs. People are running up there. You dash out, and up the stairway. On the way you jostle two wary American gentlemen in top coats. C.I.A.? Delegates to the Vietnam Peace Conference? They've just arrived, accompanied by two expensively dressed but obvious tarts.

Top floor: Huge crowd in one bedroom. The other three are empty. Push your way through the staring bodies. About ten couples ring the bed in respectful silence. On the bed a very athletic couple engage in complicated intercourse for what seems an eternity.

A few whispered comments: "He must be faking"..."It's impossible"... "Show off!"

The man, aware of his audience, is performing as if auditioning for some grand sexual circus, changing positions every so often with much bravado. (You have a bizarre thought. Should one applaud when the gentleman is finished?) The woman—in some other world—is gasping, squealing, mooing French superlatives. Two elderly gentlemen peer over the bed getting as close to the action as possible, but careful not to interfere.

One voyeur wears an enormous pocket watch suspended from his wrist and thin wire glasses perched on a large De Gaullic nose. His attitude is entirely clinical. No real facial expression. The man resembles a huge inquisitive rabbit as he peers down at the loving couple on the bed.

All becomes a montage now. Naked bodies. Musky smell of sweat. Legs become bosoms become hair. A few jokes, mostly *double entendres.* New arrivals. "Old guests" rush to watch the new ones. Pretty women. Matrons. Semi-pros? Some pros? Not too many younger men. It is easy to spot the couples who have regard for each other; they split apart from time to time, but always return to each other. Not too many married couples here.

> "The door swings open and a naked couple enters, laughing in French. They make right for your bed and, ignoring the two of you, lie down and begin to fondle each other"

Perhaps 80 people pass through from 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. Some nights fewer, some nights more.

Inquisitive Rabbit and his fellow voyeurs wander from room to room. Many women wander alone. "Don't use the mouthwash, *Chéri,*" one calls to her friend, "people play tricks with it in these places."

Hours later you and Secretary relax on "your" bed, chatting with Well-Built and his Knock-Out. He is not a cabinet minister, but rather a hydraulic engineer, married with two children. She is a bank clerk, separated, with no children. Most everyone else appears to have left as Knock-Out begins a discourse on *partouzes:*

"Of course *partouzes* has been practised by the upper classes for some time, mostly at private parties. An important Paris recording producer gives two large *partouzes* a year. Fashionable guest list, discothèque dancing . . . and films. You leave your clothes at the door, or perhaps the host and hostess arise at the conclusion of dinner, disrobe, and the guests follow suit. Everything can happen. His latest had everyone in full face masks and no clothing.

"Our middle class discovered *partouzes* while yours was exploring simple adultery. It has become the national sport of France, becoming particularly fashionable because of the activities of "X" [well-known film director] whose whole life, considering his marriages, has been one grand *partouzes.* They say he once sent out a casting call for 200 'German soldiers' and 200 'peasant girls.' Each girl was told it was to be a *partouzes.* They completed casting in three days. Naturally the scene had to be shot on location in the French Alps. Thirteen days they were out there making the *partouzes.* It took eight minutes to shoot the scene. Of course the film was never made.

"The essence of proper conduct in a *partouzes* is respect. And *laissez faire,*" continues Knock-Out. "You do as you please, but never infringe on another's rights. She cannot withhold your freedom, nor you hers. But no man may have her if she is not willing. And no one should be insulted to be refused. The women are usually more active than the men, if only for physiological reasons. Many of the men come only to watch . . . Some

partouzes houses have special voyeur rooms with peepholes.

"Sometimes a French girl whom you have only just met and who would not think of making the bed with you so quickly under ordinary circumstances, might go right away with you to *partouzes.* To do the crazy. As a girl in America might smoke pot with the boy, but not make love so quickly.

"Of course the private *partouzes* are the best of all: among friends and carefully selected guests. It is very difficult to succeed in *partouzes.* Everyone must be beautiful, clever and sensitive —or at least two of the three."

Well-Built interrupts: "Many people I know have tried *partouzes* at least once. I go perhaps once every three months. Foreigners are welcome as long as they obey the rules. Of course you must always come as a couple. The essence of the thing is the *sharing. You* bring something and *I* bring something. Like a good discothèque . . ."

The door bursts open and a large blonde, not unattractive, leaps onto the bed as you four scatter. She's on her back, legs askew . . . ready. So, at last, is Inquisitive Rabbit who arrives seconds later in a breathless frenzy, having spent the entire evening building to this instant. It is over in less than a minute and they leave.

"She may have been a cheap *putain* . . . but she honored his moment," observes Well-Built, not without compassion.

On the way out you observe that the place has a liquor license, duly issued and signed by the appropriate official. Added information: Hours 3 p.m. to 2 a.m., open seven days a week; most activity from 5 to 9 p.m. Additional drinks at 10F each, after you pay the 90F charge at the door. The business cards are perforated at one corner with the address printed twice so one can pass it along to a friend. After all, the essence of *partouzes* (aside from respect, *laissez faire* and so forth) is new blood. One tires of the same old . . . faces.

That place in the Rue Chazelles.

Though many have had some highly complex and exciting affaires in this 17th arrondissement favorite, this house is decidedly bourgeois. The French call it "the place where you lose your shoes." You may also lose your courage. The entrance has been recently remodelled to resemble the last mile of a penitentiary death house. But though the claustrophobic 25-yard tunnel is frighteningly compartmentalized at two points by prison-bar gates, it eventually looks on to a charming garden.

> "Nothing unusual about this bar except the half dozen handbags behind it. And from time to time a woman pays her bill, then goes to the toilet . . ."

Through a peephole in the villa's front door, the female custodian inspects you and your companion, making sure you are respectably dressed and sober. Pay your 90F for the two drinks and you are at once offered options:

"Do you wish to be alone, monsieur, madame, or with others?"

If you choose "alone" you will be shown upstairs to one of several small bedrooms. Here you can receive occasional couples who knock first, or you may wander the halls and knock on any door. Or you can remain completely alone with your partner, as in any respectable lovers' hotel.

If you seek "others" you are shown straight through the kitchen, passing the liquor license hanging on the wall and the accompanying official notice: "For the protection of minors and to discourage public drunkenness and to help reduce alcoholism, minors under 18 years are not permitted on these premises."

The door at the back of the kitchen opens on to a small hall and two wide open doors which lead to the two large *public* bedrooms.

Even if there were not five couples frolicking from room to room . . . even if you had never heard of the word "*partouzes*" or its meaning, you might still have a good idea of what goes on here, just from the furnishings.

The walls are covered by large mirrors, the "beds" are roughly the size of helicopter launch pads. Housewares and decor are comparable to that of a Mid-Western America motel *c.*1949, with some important additions: additional "bed" with proportions and height similar to that of a hospital operating table. Adjustable. Several stall showers with bidet and sink. Two plain pipe clothes racks, each with a capacity sufficient to hold Scaramouch's entire wardrobe. Original nudes by an artist called Pousard.

There is an ample supply of soap and clean towels but, considering the very heavy action, it is a tribute of sorts to say that Chazelles has not nearly the time to be as well-groomed as the

house in the rue Boursault. Nor is the clientele generally as select. (But you'd be surprised to know how many important people have come here just once, they've heard so much about it.) However, considering that Chazelles has accommodated 10 or more couples in each of its two downstairs rooms, whose thresholds are raised to assure the doors cannot be fully closed, what could one expect?

Anything.

A third establishment where one may find public *partouzes* is in the rue Le Châtelier (17th), open from 3 p.m. to 2 a.m. The clientele is comparable, if not often superior, to that of the houses in rue Boursault, undoubtedly attracted by the *fin de siècle* garnishings—some lovely rural prints and tasteful nudes, all handsomely framed; delightful glass encased doll collection in the sumptuous, highly polished ground floor parlor. The maroon carpeting, which exactly matches the walls' hue, is properly thick and soft. And the service is fantastic. Three uniformed maids are in constant attendance on the 20 to 40 gamboling couples who may visit Le Châtelier during an evening.

The first floor contains five bedrooms, unmirrored and unoccupied this evening but always available to individuals and couples who seek privacy, as are specified rooms in the rue Chazelles and Boursault houses. The second floor also comprises five bedrooms, three quite large with mirrored walls, bidets and toilets and, this night, some 15 frisky unclad couples whose collective mood resembles that of a pillow fight after lights-out at a Pocono Mountain summer camp.

This is an amiable place . . . lots of cross-talk and giggling among the partouzers, who include a lovely blond antique dealer, about 30; three fortyish insurance executives; four attractive brunettes, aged 25 to 35; and a couple of frumpy, but pleasant, matrons. The sexual activity is basic enough, unless one considers extraordinary three couples coupling on the same bed with occasional peeks at their neighbors' progress.

The courtesy and informality of Le Châtelier's management and guests cannot be overemphasized. For example, during the evening a number of fully clothed teams—having paid the 75F for their two drinks—wander the halls and bedrooms, timidly or calculatingly evaluating the participants. Those newcomers who like what they see will eventually disrobe—to a small crowd, for new arrivals are always greeted with enthusiasm—and join the activities. And those who choose to stand and stare, for five minutes or five hours, are politely ignored and made to feel no remorse should they leave uninitiated.

Oysters: Is it a coincidence that the practical French have located the three previously discussed houses near two *places,* most of whose several restaurants specialize in *fruits de mers*? In the Place de Clichy—a five-minute walk from rue Boursault, a three-minute drive from rue Chazelles—LA CHAMPAGNE, among a half-dozen other seafood restaurants, is open 24 hours. And in the Place Péreire—just around the corner from the rue Le Châtelier—one can enjoy oysters at any of four charming terraced restaurants. Strictly speaking the French choose "steak before, for power; and oysters after, to replenish."

Partouzes and the Law: "Love is legal in France, therefore *partouzes* is legal," observed the Paris vice squad inspector. "*Partouzes* is not harmful to the community or human life as are certain other group activities: LSD gatherings, narcotics orgies, or parties where excessive amounts of hard spirits are consumed. Whether the *partouzes* is psychologically harmful to the individual is a matter for the American psychiatrists to play their games with. No matter. Our law does not normally concern itself with such activities, carried on in private by consenting adults."

Though it is rather bad form to bring a prostitute to a respectable public *partouzes*—certainly not to a sophisticated private one—some men do, of course. If she is young and pretty there is rarely a problem, if she keeps her occupation to herself; and in Paris so many prostitutes are part-timers and look like anything but professionals, even the French have difficulty distinguishing them from other girls. For example, some of the most beautiful young girls in France stand at the corner of rue de Presbourg and Avenue Victor Hugo, and rue de Tilsitt corner Avenue Marceau. For 100-150F plus 20F for the nearby *hôtel particulier,* they will remove their casually elegant tweed or camel ensembles, maxis or minis, and for 20 minutes perform not much differently from the higher priced spread in any European city. But for 200F they will accompany a gentleman—or any man who resembles one—to a nearby *partouzes* and remain there in his company for about an hour. Of course the client must also pay the 80-90F for the "drinks". For 10F or so many of these girls will give you the precise addresses and telephone numbers of Paris *partouzes* establishments.

Rural Partouzes: A nondescript bar in a village near Versailles, a few kilometers outside Paris. You are perched on one of the ten stools, a trifle put out with your Parisian friends, a middle echelon diplomat, who has insistently dragged you out to this place. It looks like nothing more than a rural American roadhouse.

Nothing unusual about this bar except the unexplained half dozen ladies' handbags behind it and the cloak and dagger business at the front gate. Peephole at the door. Passport check! Alright, it seems impossible for a man (*but not a woman*) to gain entrance if he is unknown or unaccompanied by a regular patron.

"Go to the toilet," orders your friend.

Now we're getting somewhere.

But when you return, you've seen nothing unusual. Just a toilet bowl. "Typical French toilet. Just the one room for boys and girls. No paper. Enough space for a man on the pot and a lady midget to stand in line. So?"

"Good. Now watch the bar."

Some minutes pass. Three rather sophisticated looking couples drink scotch and chat at the bar. Several others dance to the juke box. A number of men stand apart from the couples, drinking wine. Swarthy, rather tough-looking Frenchmen who all seem to know each other. Truck drivers or perhaps farmers? Corsican six-day bicycle riders? No, they appear to be local.

From time to time one of the women has a private whisper with the barman. She pays her bill and goes to the toilet.

One of the single men leaves the bar. He goes to the toilet. It is crowding up in there. You've seen this act before. Hunt's Three Ring Circus, 1947. Eighteen clowns and Uncle Don in a Model-T Ford. Never could figure out how they did it. Three more men go into that little toilet.

What has happened?

With an affirmative nod from the barman, your friend leads you to the back of the house.

A bedroom. The seven swarthies and that nice chic lady. They've got her down on the big bed. And they are pulling off her Balenciaga.

"A sliding panel in the back wall of the toilet opens to this bedroom," explains your French guide. But you are too engrossed to hear.

No, they are not *pulling off* her clothing. They separate her from her garments with precision and care. Complete division of labor. One man to each stocking. A big hairy gentleman making off with her lime green panties. The stocking rollers pause as the panties pass by. Meanwhile the other men are undressing. When naked, these fellows move to the woman.

Soon everyone is naked.

And they begin to stroke her. Tenderly at first. Each man gradually increasing his tempo and ardor in complete sync with the others. Superb teamwork. As skilled as a team of crack mechanics in the pits of Le Mans. No two men to a thigh. No confusion over who gets the left breast. These are professionals.

"The classic *partouzes.* Seven men and one woman. You see . . ."

"Shut up. I'm watching."

And it begins. For real. She is spreadeagled on the bed. Two men to her hands. Two breast strokers. Two body masseurs. After a time, the seventh gentleman mounts her.

All goes off silently, like a ballet. No man speaks a word or appears to be aware of his associates. The woman moans, sighs, screams softly.

The men change positions now, like players rotating after the serve in a volleyball game. Right thigh moves to right breast. Right breast to right arm and face. Right arm and face to left arm. Left arm to left breast. Left breast to left thigh. Left thigh becomes new server. Old server to right thigh. New server . . . serves.

Later, done on one side, they flip her over gently to lie on her stomach. Still later two men hold her in the air for a standing third man.

This was a "special", a well-planned event held perhaps only once a month, with enough advance notice to attract particularly experienced players. The more ordinary activities, the kind that may occur here every night of the year, take place in the "Red Room" and the "Operations Room." In these the participants are quite ordinary people, at least by French standards.

By the very subdued maroon lighting of the "Red Room" you discern what appears to be a clump of religious mourners, swaying soundlessly in their dark business suits. No. As you move closer, you see it's more like a rugby scrum, for the players are reaching, groping for something at the core of the huddle. They want to touch her in the act . . . this tiny young blonde standing naked and glistening at the center, sobbing gratefully at each thrust of the penis which she receives directly from the open fly of a fellow who, under other circumstances, probably sells securities. One man pats her head with a cool serviette, others reach in to fondle and buss whatever's available. At the backwalls, on padded banquettes, several couples—the men fully clothed, the women naked—watch silently, one man idly dildoing his matron partner.

Yet another room, this one well-lit and air conditioned, contains at its center one of those adjustable, padded rectangular tables which in other lands are commonly found in hospitals, but are here so indispensable to modern French culture they are liable to turn up anywhere. On it writhes a handsome red-haired women of about 30, biting down on the mini-shift drawn above her breasts, her Sète-tanned golden thighs held apart by two modish executive types while a fat man in an expensive blue Cubavera and Sulka cravat salivates—resembling nothing so much as a cow licking an ice cream cone—*la chatte.* Or *la minoche,* if you prefer.

From the assembly of 20-odd serious and concerned spectators who hover about the table, one man is selected by the young manager of this *boîte* (he directs and supervises all proceedings) to administer the grand coup. The table is adjusted to the lucky Pierre's exact penis height and, standing there in his banker-cut three-piece suit, he simply unzips and thrusts his *queue* into the blonde's very ready passage. During service the congregation may massage, fondle, or kiss the young woman but the young manager is always close at hand to assure moderation and that, for example, no one climaxes into her face. (This happened once and the offending *rustre* was barred for life.) Seconds after her orgasm the lady fairly leaps off the table, smooths down her shift (like most female regulars she is not wearing panties) and, hand-in-hand with the fortyish gentleman who escorted her out here (he has done no more than observe her ecstasy from a far corner), resumes dancing back out by the bar.

On the drive back to Paris, your diplomat guide makes some general observations on rural *partouzes.* "There are several places where such things have occurred nightly for decades. They are mostly in nearby villages and western suburbs of Paris—though of course you find them in various parts of the country, particularly the Riviera in summer, the ski resorts in winter—and are not so subject to control of the city police. But sometimes the police come out to record license plate numbers. Though well-informed people know these *boîte* locations, to print their exact addresses might result in some embarrassments.

"The charge in these *partouzes boîtes* —which one might truly say are simply bordels for women—is 20 to 30 francs for your drink and nothing more. You will *not* find prostitutes here but some of the best French bourgeoises come and couples from all over Europe.

"Most women do not request particular men, though of course they may —through the manager or the bar girl. (By the way, sometimes she takes a turn herself, but not often. She is such a beautiful blonde, yes?) Usually the guests simply go to the back rooms and receive who comes. Sometimes the woman will wear a mask obscuring her vision, enjoying the whole affair while never setting eyes on her lovers. And some women wear masks to hide their identities.

"Some people drive out from the city simply to sit at the bar and watch the activity, hoping to see a special show as we saw this night. Magnificent, those seven. Eh?"

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A LIGHT TO FIGHT BY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

triple-fare armored jobs, a converted prowl car. It was a bad beginning.

In the taxi she was silent, sitting motionless with her hands folded in her lap, her face composed. But by the time he helped her out into the dark littered street before the Center, into the cold air still bearing traces of the heavy spices of Puerto Rican cooking, and saw her staring at the crowded entranceways and brimming garbage pails, Ken knew the idea was a dud.

But there was nothing to do but carry it through. He had just begun to lead her to the door of the Center when someone collided with him, hard. It was the kid Ramon.

"Ramon," Ken said, "what's the matter?"

The boy turned in surprise. He was breathing heavily. "Señor Cassidy—I thought you went home. Listen, maybe you can come. The Zombis, they're movin' in on the Gamecocks. I can't talk to that kid Arriba in my gang, he's crazy. There's gonna be trouble."

Ken sucked in a deep breath. The work of a year, falling apart. And they couldn't have timed it worse.

"They're forming up on 119th," Ramon said. "If we tell the pigs, somebody gets shot for sure—"

"All right," Ken said grimly. "Ramon, you stay with the lady. Take her into the Center, to the office. And stay with her, understand? You're responsible for her."

"I want to come too, Señor Cassidy. I ain't chicken."

"You stay *here*."

"Ken," Elaine said breathlessly. "What is it?"

"It's a rumble—a gang fight. If it isn't stopped a lot of kids will get hurt. You stick with Ramon in the Center. I'll be back."

Ken turned and sprinted the short block. As he turned the corner off Third he saw that the boys had knocked out most of the street lights, but even in the gloom he could make out the gangs growing at either end of the street.

There was very little shouting between the two groups, which was bad. Whatever had revived the old feud, the kids felt ugly about it. They meant business. Ken ran along the sidewalk ducking behind the solid line of abandoned cars, until he reached the middle of the block.

Now the two gangs were advancing, each in a ragged line the width of the street, with reinforcements crowding behind. Ken crept out between two cars, beneath the one light that had been left on to fight by. He stepped into the middle of the street, standing erect, his hands at his sides.

The gangs pressed toward each other.

"All right, you guys," Ken said, not shouting, but loud enough to be heard. "You all know me. I'm Ken Cassidy from the Center—"

"Get lost, you mother," someone shouted.

"I'm staying here," Ken said in as steady a voice as he could manage. "You ought to be protecting your families, not fighting. I don't know what you're mad about and I don't care. But if there's any trouble, the first man to get hurt is going to be me. You understand that?"

There was no answer. Ken waited wondering if some hothead with a mail-order sidearm would decide to dispose of him the easy way. That would bring the cops with a crawler before they'd finished their business with each other but none of them looked as though they were thinking that far ahead.

"Anybody want to take the job from me? How about you, Arriba? Montez? Step right out. It's easy. I haven't even got a stick."

Ken could hear whispering now, as the two gangs tried to decide what to do. He held his place, waiting, feeling the blood pound steadily against his throat. Minutes passed. The argument at one end of the street got louder, and was as suddenly muted. Dim figures began to leave the massed shadows of the gangs. The shadows wavered, like smoke.

In another minute, the street was deserted.

"Señor Cassidy..."

Ken spun toward the sound of the voice, which seemed to come from behind one of the stripped cars, and saw Ramon and Elaine, alone on the sidewalk.

"Ramon! I thought I told you..."

"The lady, she wouldn't come with me, Señor Cassidy. She came right down here after you. I couldn't slug her, could I?"

"I guess you couldn't."

Elaine ran to him, her eyes glittering in the solo lamplight. "Ken, Ken, are you all right?"

"Scared, that's all." He tried to smile.

"You're scared! Ken, dear God, I was so scared..." She broke off and buried her forehead in his jacket.

"I'm sorry," he said, swallowing. "I'm glad you're here. But it wasn't what I wanted to show you..."

"It was just what I needed to see," she whispered. She was quivering all over. "It was thrilling. Much better than that silly play."

After a moment, Ramon began to shift his feet uneasily. "Well, Señor Cassidy," he said. "Well. I gotta go now. I'll see you at the gym. You too, miss, huh?"

Elaine gripped the lapels of Ken's jacket still tighter. "Me too," she said, without turning, her voice muffled. "Me too."

Ken felt a chill that had nothing to do with the wind. As her tongue probed his mouth, and under her open coat her thighs widened to grip his leg in the embrace he had been waiting for so long, he knew that they would never be married... and that he would never again take her anywhere near the Center. The future looked very gray.

He knew now what turned her on.

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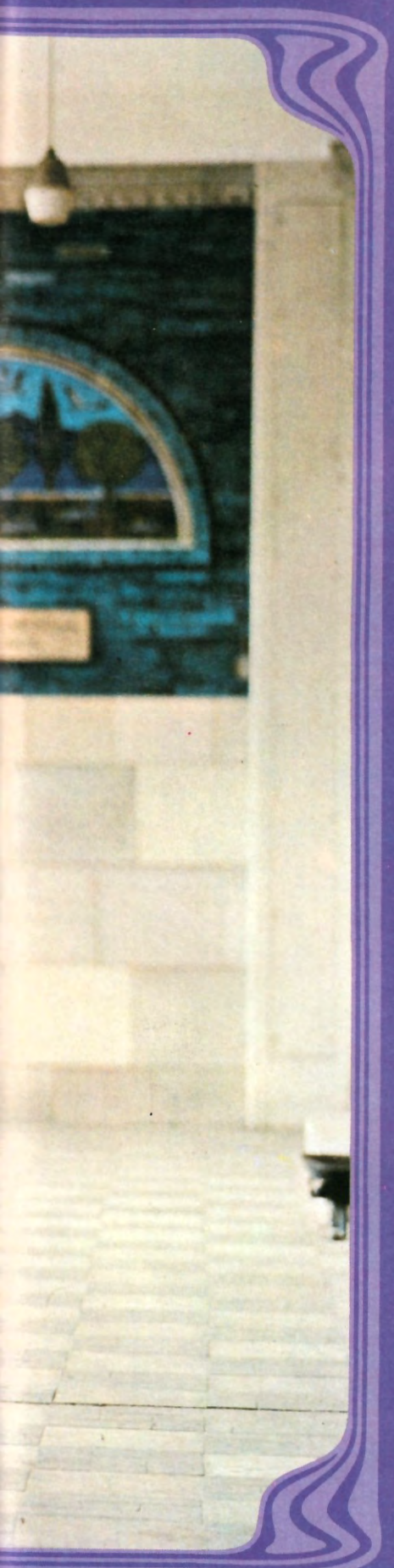

Nineties In The Shade

Summer clothes go Wilde

FASHION BY JOHN TAYLOR

Striped denim blazer (left) is £15.25; black cap is £4.10, both from Escalade man's shop, 187a-191 Brompton Road, London SW3. White Oxford bags £15.00; and two-tone calf shoes, £15.00; both from Browns men's shop, 27 South Molton Street, London W1.

Overleaf *Red-and-white cardigan, £15.00; and primary-colour check shirt, £13.00, both from Browns. Linen diamond-pattern trousers by Austin Reed, Regent Street, London W1.*

AS a small boy I grew up in earnest respect of a popular Cockney saw which urged me to adopt impressive headgear if my pugilistic talents were not as much as the day's hazards might call for.

"If you can't fight, wear a big hat," went the saying. Never entirely conscious of its deeper meanings, I identified its projection with that of the splendid fedoras affected by the cinematic gangsters of the 1930s, and followed suit. In truth my reaction was not entirely divorced from reason. Large headgear has long been the affectation of the military during the hand-to-hand combat days when an adversary's appearance might produce the extra psychological factor to discourage you into full retreat. A tall hat gave the impression of a tall man. A bearskin or busby not only added inches to your height but even simulated the fierceness of wild animals by borrowing their skins. A big hat could help in a fight, supposedly, if all you did was hit the man with it. Certainly the Glaswegian cheese-cutter caps with the razor blades fastened in the peak were extra handy for nutting your opponent.

The point is that in a man's world the main impression one tries to get over to women is *sexiness,* and the main impression one tries to get over to men is a *strength* which suggests you are highly capable of keeping your women to yourself. Our sartorial motivations are about as subtle as those of the jungle when we get down to considering them in detail.

It is certainly the reason why so many of our clothes have origins in military or naval uniforms; and why, at a time when our younger generation is the first to go without a full-blooded war of its own, the nostalgic urge for a military expression is wistfully sought by the adoption of simulated army and navy insignia to which the wearers, please God, are never likely to be entitled.

The blazer is an important member of this family of garments, though its history over the last 50 years may not suggest as much. For the "blazer" is not so called because it was in the first half of the 20th century often a blaze of

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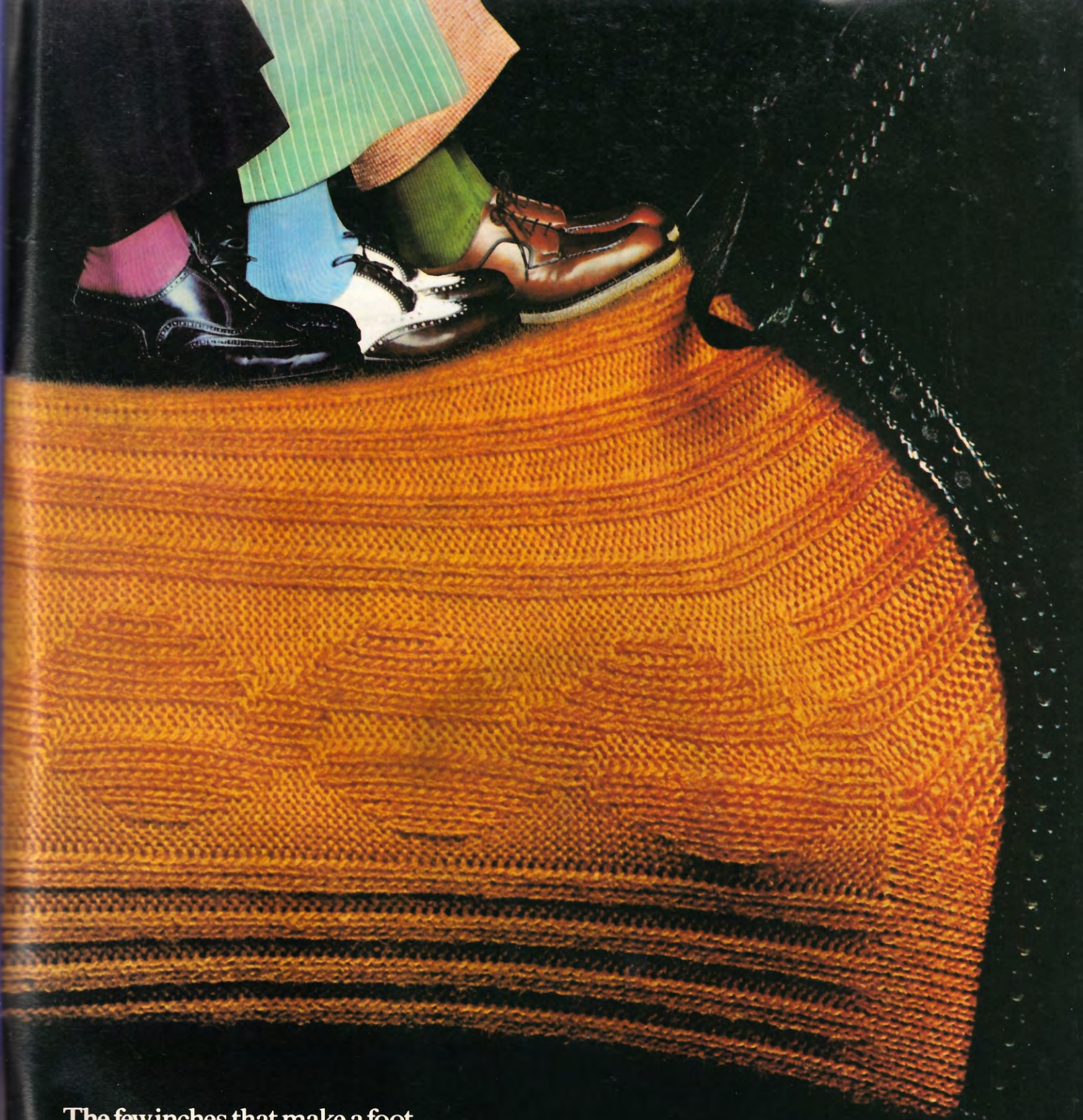

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coloured stripes representing the school, club or regiment. Its origin is far less simple, far more romantic, than that.

Originally, in the 18th century, there was no stipulated general service uniform for sailors. They supplied their own clothes or they were decked out in ship's livery by captains rich enough, generous enough or interested enough to foot the expense.

A dandified captain of *H.M.S. Blazer* was far-sighted enough to deck out his crew in an especially noticeable style of double-breasted coat, and the name *blazer* stuck with similar styles ever after.

The double-breasted jacket, as a matter of fact, comes from similar sources. Originally termed the "reefer"—and still so called in the tailoring trade to this day—the wrap-over jacket was especially invented for wear aloft whilst reefing sail; it obviated the danger of catching centralized jacket buttons in the rigging and being trapped on high among the yards. Like so many of our sartorial innovations, it was worn originally only for very informal occasions—being offered the accolade of respectability when King Edward the Seventh began to wear it on formalized lounge suits.

Currently there is strong feeling for the blazer—though it is tending to trend away from its traditional navy-blue, brass-buttoned crystallization. There is one school encouraging the increased use of the reefer, but in tweedy and softer flannel materials (a cross between a suit jacket and the old "sports coat") and there is an increasing interest in bringing back the strong contrast colourings of those late Victorian stripes of the Maidenhead punts of long ago.

The nostalgic influences are thus fourfold: they derive from vanished military service (only average citizens of about forty years of age and over can currently boast the regimental or naval connection entitling them to real blazers); they derive from the remembered glory of *H.M.S. Blazer*; they derive from the long summer afternoon of Victoriana and Edwardiana; and they reflect the royal interest of Edward the Seventh. Atop it all, they may possibly derive some stimulation—in this drug addicted society—from the unconnected title of reefer.

One thing the blazer *has* done is introduce an accessory to jackets which will surely increase in future. The fancy button of gilt or silver, emphasized by crest or insignia, was originally attached not as a sartorial affectation but simply as a badge of club or regimental or service connection. The new wave of uninhibited fashion has allowed the attachment of invented or adapted—or even adopted—insignia to fill the gap left by the diminishing loyalties of national service. This has encouraged a use of the fancy button in terms of mother-of-pearl, cloth-covered or carved buttons which will surely evolve in the near future into buttons of contrast colours.

Certainly if silver or gilt buttons can be worn with effect against a black, navy blue or bottle green ground material, there seems to be no reason why scarlet or bright blue buttons should not be worn against plain materials of completely different colouring. Buttons have, after all, long been used as a means of balancing the design and visual effects of the garments on which they have been worn. Emphasizing their contrast would simply increase their efficiency in this respect.

Looking deeply into the future, however, one wonders if with the peaceful passing of a need for military services, as Britain becomes a kind of Andorran tourist area, our uniforms will lose their attraction through their becoming confined to uninspiring civil duties such as railway portering, postmen and Gas Board meter readers.

There is an adventurous connotation in wearing the discarded trappings of the brutal and licentious soldiery, but who wants to look like a postman?

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

on the bed. You know, we have actual examples recorded of the criminal inspiration of the Old Testament: there was a man in New York State many years ago who killed about 16 children—he cut their throats—and when he was caught he said he was merely sacrificing them to Jehovah. We had a man in England called Haigh who murdered many women, and drank their blood, and he said his inspiration was the Eucharist. Somebody, I think it was Auden, said many years ago that the job of a work of art was not to impose choice, but to *show* what the choices are. I think on the whole this is true: you've got to show how things are and what the consequences of a particular action might be. Once you start implying that this is a right way or a wrong way, and *this* should be chosen, you're getting outside the realm of art and moving into the didactic area.

Penthouse: How do you reconcile that conviction with a case like Charles Manson who acknowledged that his inspiration came from a Beatles' lyric which included the words "Helter-skelter," the name he gave his group's activities?

Burgess: What *do* you do about it? In the Moors murders in England a young man and a young woman outraged children sexually and then murdered them, and recorded their screams on tape—they made a kind of artistic montage out of the music of The Beatles, and the Rolling Stones, and others, pop music interspersed with the screams of the genuinely dying. You could see how this could be titillating to a depraved mind. In court the couple were asked what they read, and they said the Marquis de Sade. Immediately there was an outcry that *Justine* must be banned and Sade must not be read. But of course this can be true of any book at all: the Bible, *Hamlet, Macbeth, Titus Andronicus.* I had this discussion on radio with a reactionary Women's Lib proponent. I said: "What would you do with this story, which is in a book" I told her the story of *Titus Andronicus* which she didn't know, and she said: "I wouldn't allow that on any library shelf in the country." I said; "Well, I think that's unfortunate, it's in Shakespeare's Collected Plays." What *are* you going to do about it? It's one of the prices we pay for living. If everything's going to be safe, there's going to be no art, and I want art; we all need art.

Penthouse: Do you think Stanley Kubrick really understood *A Clockwork Orange?*

Burgess: I don't know. I'm not sure whether I understand it myself all that well—it frequently happens that one does not understand what one's written. I wrote what I thought was a straightforward allegory—or a straightforward piece of homeli tics—designed to show the importance of free will. But a work of fiction is always so complex, that I do think that there may be contrary or subsidiary lessons contained in it which other people may pick on. I know this has happened with various critics, who've picked on some aspect of the book which I haven't seen before, and made a very good case for their own interpretation. I think on the whole Kubrick has got it right. I think the final sequence sums it all up; it's a very ambiguous sequence, and a very cynical sequence, in some ways, but I think he's got the main message across. He's followed it very closely.

Penthouse: What was your reaction when you first saw the film?

Burgess: I was horrified by the violence, because I was really horrified by my own enactment. I was responsible for this violence, not Kubrick, and how far was it necessary? And

> "A novel of mine about a man who sits on the lavatory writing poetry was considered too dangerous to publish. How attitudes have changed"

then as the film proceeded I began to see it *was* necessary. I had to show a kind of embryonic human pushed to the limits of his own aggressive instincts and yet still somehow have to be lovable, still somehow have to be accepted as a human being, sympathetic. It was a test one had to sit through. My wife and my agent, who saw it with me, hated the film, and wanted to walk out in the first 10 minutes.

Penthouse: Did you register pure fear at what was going on on screen?

Burgess: Yes, fear. It was not Kubrick's fault, it was my own fault. I hated the writing in the early part of the book. It upset me a great deal. I was reading it out loud once—I think it was in the YMHA in New York, the Poetry Center—and I had to say: "I'm sorry, I can't go on."

Penthouse: One of the practical consequences of the film is that Stanley Kubrick is being made very rich.

Burgess: And I'm not. We all entertain the dream of being rich sometimes and I'm fascinated by the thought that Kubrick himself is being made a millionaire by this film, literally a multi-millionaire without any doubt, because of the percentage of the gross he will take. I'm not envious of that. I daresay I will make a little from sales of the book, but what I make will be nugatory. I feel a curious sense of elation, or power, that a thing of mine can make money, that it can work in this big world which people take so seriously.

Penthouse: You've published 25 books in the last 16 years, most of them novels. Have they enjoyed the success you wanted for them?

Burgess: Well, I didn't expect a large financial success, because people don't like their fiction to be hard to read. They don't like to have to wade through an opaque prose style. But the books are kept in print, and they're taken moderately seriously, and this to me is the real reward. I'm not discontented. I had great difficulty in the beginning when I wrote five novels in a single year. People wouldn't take me seriously, because they always assume if you're writing a lot you're writing badly, and this isn't necessarily so.

Penthouse: Can you still keep up your early rate of output?

Burgess: I try, but I can't. As your books become better known, you're drawn into another world—and of course this has happened with the film *A Clockwork Orange.* I've been drawn out of the world of writing into the world of showbiz, I suppose, and this does get in the way of writing. I was probably happiest when I was least known, when I had a year to live. Nobody knew me, I was never besieged by editors or telephoned by anybody, and I just got on with the job of writing.

Penthouse: You were teaching in Borneo, weren't you, when you passed out, and your condition was diagnosed as a brain tumor? How did you take the news that you had only a year to live?

Burgess: I didn't believe them. I didn't feel bad enough. I felt that the kind of tests that they'd given me couldn't be conclusive. You see, they tap the spinal fluid and test it for protein. Well, who knows what the average level of protein is, in spinal fluids? A very small percentage of the entire population ever has this done—so what is the standard for judging excess? I always had doubts. I also had at the back of my mind a feeling that I was being sent out of Borneo, where I was working, for quite different reasons, that I was not wanted there because I'd been involved in revolutionary politics—against my will. But I was probably regarded as not good material for the Colonial Service at that time, and in that place.

Penthouse: Did you have anything more to go on?

Burgess: My thought was that it was because when the Duke of Edinburgh visited the State of Brunei, in North Borneo, where I was working, my first wife, who was a fiery Welshwoman, had spoken out courageously about conditions, and the British Advisory Staff to the Sultan was obviously very displeased. Then when I collapsed through overwork—I just fell down, exhausted—they were happy to pick on this and get me out of the territory.

Penthouse: Was that the full extent of your "revolutionary activities," your wife speaking out to Prince Philip?

Burgess: The house where I lived was opposite the house of the revolutionary leader, who was lying low at the time, but when I left Brunei he came out in the open and led a revolt against the Sultanate and against the British protection. I knew this was going to happen because I was friendly with the men—and there were obviously spies watching what I was doing. Also, I was not trusted there because I had already published books when I was living in Malaya, books about Malaya called *The Long Day Wanes* in America, but called in England *Time For A Tiger, The Enemy In The Blanket* and *Beds In The East.*

Penthouse: Did this trilogy express your personal attitude towards Britain's waning Empire?

Burgess: Yes. I think moreover that the books turned out to be prophetic—they are regarded as such now in the European communities in Singapore and elsewhere. They prophesied that there would be civil war between the Malays and the Chinese and that, bad though the British may have been in some ways, at least it was better to have that intrusive force, to enable all races to unite in a kind of hatred or distrust, rather than be left to fight among themselves.

Penthouse: It was during your supposed "terminal year", wasn't it, that you wrote five novels?

Burgess: Yes, I thought I'd better leave some royalties for my widow. I'd been warned, and the prognosis might be right. Ironically, though, she was to die first and I remained. That was a curious year. I was living in Hove on the South Coast of England and I enjoyed writing very much. Then my wife and I managed to find a country house in Sussex and we moved there, and I began to have a presentiment that things were going to be all right. I kept on with the same rate of production even when I was officially out of danger. One novel, *Inside Mr Enderby* (bylined Joseph Kell, because the publishers didn't want to have too many books coming out under my name) wasn't published till 1963 because it was considered dangerous and obscene. It was about a man who sits on the lavatory all day writing poetry. That was not very long ago, but it's amazing how patterns have changed. Before *Portnoy's Complaint* nobody dared write about masturbation. We can write about buggery now, I think. I don't think there are any limits.

Penthouse: How has the world changed in the

12 years since you wrote *A Clockwork Orange?*

Burgess: It has not changed in the essentials, I think. When I wrote I was aware that there was a lot of teen-age violence, but what was more important was the general disaffection. The young did not trust the government, and felt they'd not had a voice in the running of the country. In England during the 1950s we'd had the Teddy Boys, young men dressed very stylishly (the Russian *Stilyagi* copied them) in Edwardian costumes. They called themselves at first the Edwardian Strutters, and this choice of a very elegant costume seemed to be a visible mark of dissatisfaction with the modern state. They were harking back to a period of Imperial greatness without knowing it. They were followed by The Mods and Rockers, who interested me because they seemed to fulfil the Manichean idea, the notion of two forces opposing each other, for the sake of opposition. They would choose certain holidays, Easter, or Christmas, or Whit-week, and just fight each other, usually at seaside resorts; and there seemed to be a profound kind of symbolism in all this. It was proposed quite seriously by somebody in England that there was too much crime on the streets and the young should be put down through some new conditioning technique, which would make them "good". Then I began to see red and felt I had to write the book. But when it was published not many people saw that this was the theme of the book. They just read the first few pages and decided it was a piece of violent pornography and condemned it.

Penthouse: How closely did you work with Stanley Kubrick?

Burgess: I never met him until the film was ready to be shown, when he invited me over to see it. I had no consultations, no collaboration. Kubrick did get a bit worried when he discovered there were two versions of the book, the British version and the American version. He followed the American edition which, in a kind of reverse version of Gresham's Law, will drive out the British version. The American edition has 20 chapters while the British edition has 21, and in the 21st chapter we have a scene enacted two years later than the final scene of the film. Alex is getting tired of violence and he meets one of his old friends who appears in the film, and sees him with a young girl going off to a wine and cheese party to play word games. So Alex thinks it's about time he got a girl and thought of getting married and having a son of his own, and he envisages the circle going around, the Orange turning in the paws of God, the Orange of the world turning. My American publisher in 1962 said, "I recognize that you are British and hence you tend to a more pragmatic or milk-and-water tradition than we Americans know. We are tougher than you and prepared to end on a tough and violent note." And I said: "Well, if this is one of the conditions for publishing the book, get on with it."

Penthouse: What are the basic differences between the book and the film?

Burgess: In a sense I think the two are complementary. We're probably opening up a new era in cinema, we hope, in that it is possible now not to think in terms of say a Film Script made out of a book, but in terms of A Book and A Film which corresponds to it. I think this is going to be the condition of Kubrick's next film. I shall be writing a novel, and this novel will have to be written before Kubrick starts thinking of the film. It will be about Napoleon. You can't expect a Charles Boyer romantic film, because we've got to tell the truth, and the truth may approach comic rather than romantic terms. We know that Napoleon was a bad lover, for instance. He could never spend more than three minutes with a woman: in the room and out again, his sword still on, ready to sign more dispatches. Well, that's all been left out of most manuscripts. His dispatches were covered with licorice stains because he took licorice for his stomach; he died of stomach cancer. He was driven by hyper-acidity.

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Penthouse: There's been much discussion about scrapping all pornography laws, which has been considered by a presidential commission here. Would you agree?

Burgess: Oh, I agree. Works of art shouldn't be subject to any "moral enactments." But we used to have an official called the Lord Chamberlain, whose job it was to censor plays before they were performed, and under the Labor Government this office was abolished. In an odd way it hasn't done much good. Theatrical managers are now scared of putting a play on in case they get an obscenity charge from some private person, or from some local licensing committee, whereas when they had the Lord Chamberlain they were perfectly safe. In a curious way this worked—he was a highly enlightened Court Officer. But in general—speaking for America as well as for England—I don't think we can tolerate censorship.

Penthouse: What do you consider pornographic?

Burgess: I'm never sure what the term means. I always get back to the etymology of it: pornograph is really a representation of a *porne*, or prostitute. This means a woman seen as a mere sexual function, or a representation of the act, or something that merely arouses desire. I've nothing against pornography; if a pornograph is an instrument for procuring solitary discharge I don't think there's anything wrong in that. Where things go awry is when people confuse pornography with art. I think the two functions are so distinct. A work of art, however erotic its content, is essentially a static thing which does not excite sexually, whereas a pornograph has a definite job to do, to help revitalize flagging sexual urge, or to provide an instrument for a solitary discharge when a partner is unobtainable.

Penthouse: Do you mean then that there could never be a genuinely original, *artistic* work of pornography?

Burgess: I don't see how it's possible. I suppose one could say that the technique of a work of pornography could be highly artistic, but I think it's less a question of technique than of intention.

Penthouse: What about *The Story of O*—don't you think it's genuinely well written, better even than many straight novels, and inventive?

Burgess: It is indeed, but I don't think it's a work of pornography. *L'Histoire d'O* may seem to have pornographic elements, but it is not a work you can use for sexual purgation. It is, I think, essentially a theological work about the abasement of the individual, symbolized by the "O" which is of course the Female symbol.

Penthouse: Have you seen any examples of the hardcore pornography now available rather openly in the U.S.?

Burgess: I've seen no films, but I've seen many, many books and cartoons and the like, and they excite me. Sometimes I feel ashamed of being excited. I'm not a solitary man and I'm not a masturbator, I am a married man, and I don't see what good these can do me. Unfortunately, one is involuntarily excited and I rather resent being involuntarily excited. For this reason I keep away from them. But I recognize that they have a function, and I think this function safeguards the State as a safety valve. Instead of having young men roaring around ready for rape, these serve as a substitute sexual partner, as a means of excitation. I see no moral harm in them.

Penthouse: If the sexual element disappears in a marriage, can the union continue to function, as you once put it, like a separate country?

Burgess: Oh, yes. That was a painful article to read because I'd written it just before my first wife died. A marital partnership that has lasted a long time, as this one had, does tend to allow you to evolve a separate dialect, like an autonomous country, full of special meanings. An outsider can visit, but he cannot understand it. However unhappy a marriage is, when the marriage ends, this ends with it and is to be regretted. The element of pure companionship, which was the only thing possible in my first marriage by that stage, is of tremendous value, and may well be the primal value of marriage, far above the sexual.

Penthouse: In your novel *The Doctor is Sick*, the hero kept accepting his wife's promiscuities because she argued they didn't change her feelings towards him.

Burgess: This was my own first wife's idea. She said just what the wife says in the book: "*Ca vous donne tant de plaisir et moi si peu de peine*" (It gives you such pleasure and me so little pain). That was always her view. My first wife would sleep with anybody and always

justify it. I didn't object on principle, but I objected to seeing it, to being an unwilling witness or sometimes a surprise witness of extramarital sexual acts on her part. We may talk as rationally as we please, but when we *see*—I think this is true of all of us—it's very hard not to bring out a knife. And I think it's just because of this irrational element that a danger lies in too much promiscuity. We've got to accept the irrational in us, that we can become as mad as any Sicilian on such occasions.

Penthouse: Were you ever inspired to commit violence?

Burgess: Oh, yes. Indeed I was. I hated myself for it but this is the way we are, I'm afraid, unless we're extremely civilized.

Penthouse: In light of these emotions do you think Robert Ardrey was correct in his vision of man's animal links as he described them in his *African Genesis,* and *The Territorial Imperative*?

Burgess: I think it is true, and I think it's salutary sometimes to think of our animal origins, but it's much more interesting, and probably much more productive, to concern ourselves with the superstructure of values. I don't deny it; I can't deny it, I recognize the animal too much in myself.

Penthouse: Some people contend that a sense of original sin separates us from animals. Do you believe in this concept of original sin?

Burgess: Yes, I accept the myth of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man. The sense of guilt is essentially human, and any society which doesn't know guilt is probably a doomed society.

Penthouse: What evidence is there for this sense of guilt? Many people feel absolutely no guilt for incidents to which they made no conceivable contribution. People ask each other if they feel guilty about, say, social injustices abroad, and the answer is usually, "Should I?"

Burgess: I'm not concerned about actual incidents. I would say guilt is something one is aware of ontologically—or if you like by introspection. We're all aware of it; it doesn't necessarily have to be associated with particular events. It's rather in terms of potentiality. America once felt no guilt; no sense of history, no sense of guilt. Probably in the last few years, Americans have learned to be guilty, but they've learned to be guilty on a kind of spectacular American scale instead of just living with guilt as we do in Europe. The My-Lai business was a terrible shock; why should it have been such a terrible shock? This is what human beings are like. Why should Americans be any different? Yet Americans always assume that they are different; this is the place where you've escaped from guilt, and Sin is over there in the Old World.

Penthouse: In the rape scene in *A Clockwork Orange,* the writer whose home is broken into is writing a book of the same title. Did you put yourself into the story to indicate that you weren't inventing the whole thing?

Burgess: This is true. In a sense the same thing had happened to me. My first wife was violently beaten up in the London blackout in about 1943 when she was leaving work, but it was not done by thugs out for a bit of ultra-violence. It was done by GIs. There were a lot of GIs on the run in London in those days, deserters, and the motive for attack was usually robbery. They grabbed her handbag and when she screamed they beat her up. She was carrying a child at the time, and aborted, and was ill thereafter, and I think this led to her eventual death. I was in Gibraltar and when it was reported to me that my wife had been brutally attacked and was now in hospital and bleeding all the time, I felt the usual rage. You know: "Let me get back there, let me get back to England. Bloody Yanks, I want to do something about it!" But I felt no resentment after; I feel none now. It could have been anybody—Free French, Poles, etc. I'm not just trying to be "a good guest," my feeling towards America is very warm.

Penthouse: Why?

Burgess: I've worked here, off and on, for the last eight years, and I honestly feel that this is the country where the English language will come to its finest flower, chiefly because the conditions for writing books are a little more propitious than they are in England. There's a close connection in America between the campus and the art of letters. A young novelist, for instance, can generally get a sinecure on a campus and take his time. I think of writers like John Barth, for instance, who is able to write very long novels, full of the most intricate symbolism, because he happens to be on the campus at Buffalo. Well, there's absolutely no *rapprochement* in England between the academic world and the writing world. They don't even study, in the older universities, the writings of modern English writers.

Penthouse: Aren't you assuming that literature is in itself a "good thing," that this is somehow self-evident? Surely the great bulk of novel writing is mere entertainment and deserves no special encouragement, let alone study?

Burgess: You're talking about degrees of value within the category. The important thing is that the category itself should be practised. It's obviously a healthier thing that people should, say, be practising the craft of writing heroic couplets, however bad those are. The question of comparative merit comes later. The comparative greatness of contemporary American fiction has much to do with quantity. It's rather like the Collected Works of Wordsworth: there are so many of them that some of them are bound to be good.

Penthouse: Do you find America to be a free country?

Burgess: Oh, totally free. One of the freest countries in the world.

Penthouse: Yet here in America we consider the British police to represent the best in terms of protecting freedom of the individual.

Burgess: British police *are* the best in the world. They have become corrupted, but not very much. I think most American visitors to Britain are astonished to find the police are gentle, helpful, and not primarily concerned with running people in (though there are some bad ones). From the way I've been treated by the American police, and the way my friends have been treated, I get the impression they represent a kind of *alternative* criminal body. There're so many stories, you don't need stories from me. Possibly it all springs from the fact that the American police are armed. Arming the police makes a kind of autonomous force that knows what it calls Right is on its side and will shoot first and ask questions afterwards. This engenders a kind of brutal approach to the citizen. Some of the police in New York are swag-bellied; they don't have to run, they just shoot.

Penthouse: Has the behavior of the British police been affected by the influx of West Indians and Pakistanis, which has created totally new problems?

Burgess: It has created social problems, but I don't think the police have been involved. It's been more a question of citizens taking the matter into their own hands. In some districts, like Wolverhampton, the whites are screaming about the Pakistanis being there. They have a case because the Pakistanis have no intention of settling in England. They don't want to be absorbed into the community, they only want to make a fair amount of money and then go back home with it. This means they are prepared to put up with the most squalid conditions: seven or eight or nine living in a single room. The wives are in *purdah*, often speak no English, the husbands do the shopping, the children speak Punjabi in the home, and some of the schools have as many as 85% Pakistani children. The white parents naturally object—the learning of their own children is being slowed down. I don't see how this is not reasonable. I think that a tremendous measure of tolerance has been shown to colored immigrants, to *any* immigrants—the Irish are immigrants, too. Certain patterns are brought in which I don't think are altogether tolerated. When I was living in Chiswick, there was a West Indian family next door who used to slaughter sheep in the back yard. I didn't like this.

Penthouse: What has been happening is the price of Empire?

Burgess: Paradoxically, we were told it'd be a great thing when the British left, and stopped "oppressing" their territories. As soon as the British leave, the oppressed are quick to follow them to their own land, taking advantage of their British passports. This, according to law, is allowed. England is now a multi-racial society, probably an excellent thing.

Penthouse: Do you take a favorable or unfavorable view of American influence on the world?

Burgess: I don't think there's any kind of direct, forced influence. On the material level the American way of life is the condition to which all countries aspire—rightly so, in many ways. It's a good thing to have a large refrigerator so the food doesn't go bad, a large choice of goods in the supermarkets. America is one of the cheapest countries in the world, except for rents. This is the pattern that Russia would dearly love to have; there's no doubt about that. I don't think America has much to feel culpable about except in the area of foreign affairs, of her desire to stop the spread of communism, which I think is unrealistic.

Penthouse: Would you be prepared to face martyrdom for something you'd written?

Burgess: Yes. Yes. There are certain areas where one will compromise, and I think the great moral of a play like Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* is that you mustn't push idealism too far within the family. But I would be prepared to stand up *forever* against the view of, say, the Soviet State, where the main purpose of art is to aggrandize.

Penthouse: W. H. Auden, who has returned to live in England, once said art is "small beer," and that the important thing in life is to earn your living and look after your family. You sound as though you might not go along with that?

Burgess: Oh yes, I would. To hell with the old Shavian notion that the real artist is a man who lets his wife and child starve, while he creates gorgeous music. That's stupid. The important thing first of all is to earn a living, look after one's wife and family, keep them fed, keep them happy. If one can do that through art, through the creation of art, splendid. And if one can't do it that way, well, one has to do something else. Once you've established your subsistence—we take *that* for granted—art is very far from "small beer." I think art is probably the only thing we have; it's the only image of truth, the only image of order we have. Religion merely promises, but art delivers the goods.

Penthouse: Mr Burgess, thank you.

DEFINITIVE DAVIS

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everybody's style, but this stumped me. So I walked up to the bandstand, there was this little cat and I said, 'Hey, aren't you the cat I ran into at Carbondale?' and he said 'Yeah, man, I'm the cat you fluffed off that night!' I was in the profession a long time before he was, and I guess he used to come across the bridge many times to listen to bands I was in. I know he credits me as his first influence and I'm flattered, because he's not a cat that passes out compliments too easily.

"He was a nice, quiet little kid then, and I think the changes in him are a coverup."

Before leaving high school, Miles had one brief fling in the big time, playing for three weeks as substitute for one of the regular trumpeters in the Billy Eckstine orchestra. This placed him in the exalted company of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. (Eckstine recalls it differently: "When I first heard Miles, I let him sit in so as not to hurt his feelings, but he sounded terrible; he couldn't play at all.")

Mrs Davis wanted her son to go to Fisk University, a predominantly black institution in Nashville, known for its music department and for having produced the Fisk Jubilee Singers. But Miles knew that this would be pointing him in the wrong direction for jazz. He opted for Juilliard and, with his father's blessing, headed for New York.

"I spent my first two weeks looking for Charlie Parker," he recalls. "That's who I wanted to learn from. I knew all that Juilliard shit already—I'd studied it all myself. Originally I went there to see what was happening, but when I found out nothing was happening, I told my father to save his money. I stayed about a semester and a half. Shit, I did all the homework for summer school in one day."

"Isn't that," I suggested, "because you had a bright mind and a good feeling for it?"

"I had nothing on my mind *but* study. I wasn't even fuckin', man, you know?"

"I thought you said you were married when you came to New York."

"Yeah, but at this time she was pregnant."

Whatever the state of his education or his sex life, Davis soon drifted into the bustling 52nd Street scene of the mid-1940s and found a friend and sponsor in Parker. For a while they roomed together and Miles followed Bird around on gigs. "I'd make notes of the chords and stuff I was hearing, write 'em down on matchbooks, then next day at Juilliard, instead of going to class, I'd spend all my time trying out those chords."

Before long Davis was out of Juilliard for good and a regular member of Parker's quintet. As his early recordings show, his technique still had a long way to go; he had little control in the upper register and often fluffed in the middle. Over the years an elliptical sense of self-editing developed that enabled him to play less yet say more.

As a close associate of altoist Parker he was inevitably brought into close contact with the drug scene, yet to most observers around 52nd Street he was the abstemious, mild-mannered youth who neither smoked nor drank. A year or two elapsed before he became a part of the narcotics world. Heroin was then rampant among the young beboppers, but Miles, to all outward appearances, remained cool, taking care of business on the Bird job and subsequently with Coleman Hawkins' small band, on the road with Benny Carter's orchestra and with Billy Eckstine. By this time he was so improved, Eckstine says, that he was able to take over the parts previously played by Gillespie. He stayed with Eckstine until the band broke up in 1947, later working in the singer's small combo. It was during this period that he made headlines with his first arrest for possession.

Though his private life was to remain chaotic for several years, Miles continued to progress as he became part of a workshop band, one that involved the use of instruments never before heard in the new jazz, french horn and tuba.

"Gil Evans and I spent the better part of one winter hashing out the instrumentation for that nine-piece band," Gerry Mulligan once recalled. "But Miles dominated the band completely; the whole nature of the interpretation was his."

The nine-piece band was short-lived (two public appearances and three recording dates), but it marked the beginning of the enduring friendship and association between Miles and Gil Evans. It was to bring out in Davis a lyricism, a soaring and ecstatic sound for which Evans provided the perfect setting.

"Gil has a way of voicing chords and using notes like nobody else," said Miles. "We work together great because he writes the way I'd like to write. In fact, years ago I used to do arrangements and give them to him to look over. He'd tell me my charts were too cluttered up, that I could get the same effect using fewer notes. Finally, I decided the best thing to do was let Gil do the writing. He has such a feeling for what I mean that it comes out sounding exactly like what I had in mind."

For younger jazz fans who know Davis only from his recent work, an entire new-old horizon may be opened up by the endless mixture of orchestral sounds, and the stark, mournful spareness of Davis' horn, in such masterpieces as *Miles Ahead, Porgy and Bess* and *Sketches of Spain*. Davis and Evans were reunited in parts of the *Miles at Carnegie Hall* album and on a later LP called *Quiet Nights*, but the first three are the definitive works. (All five are still available on U.S. Columbia).

Miles' career might have soared after the *succès d'estime* of the first collaboration with Evans, but the narcotics habit proved a formidable roadblock, wrecking his home life, limiting his musical development and reducing him at times to a near-derelict.

"I remember one day on Broadway," says Clark Terry, "I found him sitting by the gutter in front of one of those ham-and-eggs places. I asked him what was wrong and he said, 'I don't feel well.' After buying him some ham and eggs I took him around to my hotel, the American on West 47th Street. I was getting ready to leave on the bus with Basie's band, and I told him 'You just stay here, get some rest, and when you leave just close the door.' The bus waited longer than I'd expected, so I went back to the room. Miles had disappeared, the door was open, and all my things were missing."

As Miles found himself facing a bleak future, it became a case of physician's son, heal thyself. "It took me four years to break the habit," he told an *Ebony* reporter. "I just made up my mind I was getting off dope. I was sick and tired of it. You can even get tired of being scared. I laid down and stared at the ceiling for 12 days and cursed everybody I didn't like . . . I lay in a cold sweat . . . I threw up everything I tried to eat . . . then it was over." He had kicked the hard way—cold turkey.

Nonetheless illness continued to irk him. He had an operation for nodes on the throat. Warned by the doctor not to use his voice for a while, he began speaking too soon; as a result, he was reduced to the famous whisper that has become chronic, a source of psychological and physical discomfort, and a subject he prefers to avoid.

The post-heroin years marked the start of an invigorated productive phase. In addition to the large orchestral ventures with Evans, he headed a series of combos each of which had its own catalytic effect on the jazz world.

During the incumbency of Hancock, Wayne Shorter (who replaced Coleman), Williams and Carter, Miles veered further and further away from his 1950s concept of playing structured popular songs and jazz standards. Though he continued for some time to hold on to *Round Midnight* and a couple of others, most of the themes now were freer and more adventurous works written by members of the group. They became points of departure for displays of intracommunication that were tantamount to ESP—which, logically, became the title number of a-1965 album. Performances became longer as Davis pioneered in the concept of flowing from one theme and mood to another, so that an entire set at a club or concert would be a continuum.

Working at an ever higher level of abstraction, the quintet became more completely an expression of the leader's dominant personality as key sidemen left. The use of electric keyboards and bass, of two or three percussion instruments, expanded the compass of the music still further. The switch from a floating, free rhythm to the incorporation of rock became a controversial element, but one in which Davis sincerely believed.

Herbie Hancock points out: "Miles has been going in his present direction ever since the time when I jumped on the electric piano. The value of what he is doing now is that he is, in effect, setting up a criterion of excellence in the direction of rock that nobody else has achieved, in terms of instrumental efficiency, interreaction and all of those things that just hadn't happened too much in rock before."

Says Dizzy Gillespie: "I have listened to those recent albums time after time, until I started getting cohesions. The guy is such a fantastic musician that I know he has something in mind, whatever it is. I know he knows what he's doing, so he must be doing something that I can't get to yet. He played some of it for me, and he said, 'How do you like that shit?' I said, 'What is it?' and he said, 'You know what it is; same shit you've been playing all the time,' and I said, 'Have I?' I said, 'Look, I'm going to come by your house and spend several hours and you're going to explain to me what that is.' But we never did get together. I'm sure he could explain it to me musically, though of course you can't explain anything emotionally.

"Miles should be commended for going off in a completely new direction; he's just as brave as shit, to have something that all his fans all over the world liked so much, and then turn around and to go on an altogether different course. Shit, I don't think I got that much guts. Sometimes I find myself playing those same old licks I used to play, and I figure, 'Oh shit, you're getting lazy.' But I can no more change my spots . . . Miles can, though."

Other Davis-watchers take the position that his change in direction has been at least partially pragmatic.

"I can understand exactly why he's doing these things," says Clark Terry. "Miles is the kind of man who has always wanted to stay abreast of the times. He's smart enough to

realize that this is what people are buying, and if this is what they're buying, why shouldn't he sell some of it? Maybe he's doing it sincerely, but I do know that it's a much more lucrative direction for him. Ain't nobody around can play more melodically than Miles when he wants to. In a sense it's a waste to see him not using all his knowledge."

I asked Terry, "What do you think people hear in it that is making him so successful in widening his audience?"

"What they hear in it is less significant than what they don't hear. What they don't hear, because it's not there, is the real balls of jazz, the chord progressions, the structures and so forth. They are not musically mature enough to cope with this and Miles is smart enough to put something where they can reach it on their own level. The simple thing for them to cop happens to be that one-chord modal bag that is so fashionable."

Quincy Jones, the composer and former trumpeter, who has known Davis for 20 years, has made a close analytical study of Miles' progress. "When we were kids," he says, "we all ran around with a notebook copying off all the Miles and Bird solos. Most of us didn't jump on Dizzy, though, because he was just too much to try to emulate, so we'd try to grab hold of Miles. Miles has always been concerned with growth, with perfecting one thing and then taking on a new challenge."

Recently, as Jones points out, there has been a curious shift of focal points in the thrust of the new jazz. "A decade or two back, the velocity and animation were usually carried by the melodic instruments on top, while the rhythm section laid down the base like a canvas, remaining essentially a timekeeping device. But in the last few years that has been reversed. Any record you hear now, the horns almost have to play time, because the complexity has moved to the basement, and you can't take that kind of complexity on top with what the fender bass players are doing nowadays. Too many passing notes. If you play too many alterations in the top, it cancels out the freedom in the bottom.

"With this change of roles, I think Miles is trying to see what his same lyrical and innovative mind can do. He's always been right, and always ahead of his time, so I think we'll end up in good shape. I think we can expect further changes. Anything can happen."

Herbie Hancock concurs. "The music of the past is not necessarily old hat, but I can understand how Miles feels, because people come up to me and ask me to play *Watermelon Man* and that's not where I'm at now, I don't want to play it. Miles isn't up there to please everybody, or anybody. He's there to be honest, that's all; and he has to be taken for what he is."

Often quoted as indifferent to criticism Miles Davis has claimed he never reads anything that is written about him. Yet there have been many cracks in the wall with which he tries to surround himself. One review (of a record made during his appearance at a rock festival on the Isle of Wight) clearly got through to him. From Milan, he called the *Melody Maker* in London: "What kind of man can call me arrogant? I know where you're at. You shouldn't be a critic. You are a white man looking for white excitement, but there are more subtle forms of excitement." He went on to express contempt for the entire rock scene.

Obsessed with what seems to him to be a necessity to analyse everything in racial terms, he once told Don DeMichael, in a *Rolling Stone* interview: "Rock is social music. There's two kinds—white and black, and those bourgeois spades are trying to sing white and the whites are trying to sound colored. It's embarrassing. It's like me wearing a dress." One wonders how he explains the fact that many of the early rock groups to which he gave serious attention (Jimi Hendrix, Sly & The Family Stone) were racially integrated.

Listening to a record by Cream, he said: "They sure play loud. If they're gonna play loud, I'm gonna plug into an amplifier too." It was one more psychological step towards the Fillmore and the Isle of Wight.

The reception of Davis by rock fans has varied conspicuously from job to job. At the Hollywood Bowl in 1970 his group was the supporting attraction in a program starring The Band. The latter was wildly received; Miles, opening the show, played continuously for 45 minutes and walked off to a tepid reception.

His own analysis of the stage at which his music had arrived around the turn of the decade is essentially that it does not call for analysis:

See, Leonard, what you're missing, I'm not doing anything, it doesn't need an explanation. I'm reacting to what's been done and what's supposed to be happening today. Everything you've ever heard, all that shit is condensed, you know? All the clichés are so condensed that you can play Body and Soul *in two bars.*

If some musicians don't understand it, they just don't have that kind of an ear. Everybody I get is special. If I wanted to play songs that have a definite beginning and an ending, all that needs is a working musician. Keith Jarrett, Jack De Johnette, all the guys I've used have been special, with a special feeling. My records have changed the whole style of music today. You should know that. You ought to try playing some of the things we do.

You know what I don't like? It's the playing between *solos. They don't blend or nothing . . . In my group we play a lot of polyrhythms and everything, you know, a lot of different keys off of keys and scales off of scales. You ought to study it. I know you wrote that my group is loud. Well, that's just the times we live in. Everything is loud; everything gets higher. Anyhow, I still play way down sometimes, but you can hear it—every note.*

One of the things you learn in my group is, you leave drummers alone, 'cause drummers have their own inside thing. And do like I did Herbie Hancock, take out all those fat chords and shit. And Keith—I just put him at the piano and let him go. Keith wasn't playing like that before he joined me. A lot of what we have in the group has been developed in clubs. I ove the possibility of just freaking off on your horn in a night club. In Shelly's I really found out something. Actually it was a learning period in there, when I played everything and made the band play everything they could possibly play. That's what's good about working clubs. You play a first set, okay; second set, okay; third set, okay—and they're playing what they know, right? Then the last set they start playing what they don't know; which is out of sight! They start thinking, which is worth all the money in the world to me. Thrills me.

I worked Shelly's just to help keep the place open. I lost about ten pounds in that motherfucker. I made $4,000 a week there, but I went in weighing 139 and came out weighing 129. Then I was asked to play Boston and I said to myself, if I go to Boston I'll weigh 121. I haven't worked since. That was three, four months ago.

LF: Will you ever again do anything like you did with Gil Evans? Or have you put all that behind you?

I can't get with that. But we have a new instrumentation for a big band that's outa sight.

LF: What does it consist of?

If I tell you that, every motherfucker will be copying it. Quincy would be the first one. Quincy's always trying to pick my mind.

The slighting reference to Jones is indicative of Davis' attitude toward an overwhelming majority of musicians in every field. In judging others, he cannot overcome the temptation to

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expect them to measure up to his own levels of originality, proficiency and sophistication. This leaves him with very little, outside the purlieus of his own music, that he can enjoy and respect without reservation.

Last fall Miles was in Los Angeles for several weeks. As he does wherever he goes, he spent much of his time in a local gym. He has been on a serious health kick for several years, has his own personal trainer, and a white terrycloth robe with his name emblazoned on the back. Proud of his physique, he thinks nothing of working out with a heavy speed bar, skipping rope, sparring for several rounds, then doing as many as 100 or more pushups and situps.

One afternoon, after sending his lissome girl friend shopping he was in the mood to talk about his contemporaries, his social attitudes and his plans, such as they were, for the future.

LF: What live music have you heard lately that impressed you?

I never go out to night clubs any more. When I go, I know what to expect. It's what I can hear in my head without going.

LF: Are you going to hear Herbie Hancock's group at Donte's?

I don't want to hear it. I can't even listen to that, as much as I love to hear Herbie play. I can't stand the trombone . . . and Eddie Henderson—I just don't like to hear trumpet players that keep playing like Freddie Hubbard.

LF: What do you think of Tony Williams' group?

Tony needs somebody to solo, other than himself.

LF: What does the music of Pharaoh Sanders say to you?

It doesn't say anything to me, because Pharaoh's not doing anything.

LF: And Archie Shepp?

I never think of Archie Shepp as being a musician at all. Just like Ornette Coleman playing trumpet.

LF: Ornette has been greatly admired by many of the critics.

Critics are worse than disc jockeys, Leonard, I told you that before.

LF: Have you listened to the Joe Henderson combo?

Joe Henderson can play his ass off. He used to play with me. But there ain't much happening that I want to hear. I don't want to hear clichés; I don't want to get back into the past.

LF: Haven't you heard any rock groups that interested you?

I haven't heard anything coming from the white kids with the long hair and shit. I like to hear the Motown sound and James Brown, them funky singers.

LF: You put it on a racial basis, yet some of your most rewarding associations have been interracial.

You don't understand. What I want to hear doesn't come from a white musician.

LF: Including Gil Evans, Bill Evans, Dave Holland?

No, I don't mean like that. What I want to hear, like rhythm and blues, it comes from black musicians all the time. When you get guys that aren't prejudiced, like Joe Zawinul, John McLaughlin, I hardly ever look at their skin; they don't make me look at their skin. But when I hear a rhythm section with Tony or Jack on drums, or Buddy Miles, they do some shit that you just don't find in a white drummer.

LF: Do you think you can tell from listening to a record whether a musician is black or white?

I think you could. I still can.

LF: Would you like to do a blindfold test to prove it?

If I happen to be driving along some place and I hear something—not something that you put on—if I say he's white, he's white; you can bet your money on it.

LF: Suppose it's a mixed group?

What difference does it make anyway?

LF: You said you could tell the difference.

It's because I'm black, Leonard. I'm not white. I wouldn't turn on Al Hirt, but a white guy would.

LF: I wouldn't turn on Al Hirt's show, and it's not because I'm white or black. On the other hand if it were the Bobby Hackett show you'd turn it on.

Not necessarily . . . I'm just saying that white people cater to white people and black people cater to black people. It's just a normal thing.

LF: Your ideal world basically is still an integrated world, isn't it?

Right. But I think it won't work . . . Most black people would like to see everybody integrated, you know? A lot of black people want to be like white people; they think white people have a level that they want to try to reach. That's even sad, you know? People can live together, but all that old shit hasn't stopped. As long as they keep on showing Army films with an all-white Army, it's not going to stop. That's a joke.

Davis' need to keep his cool was never more frighteningly illustrated than in an incident one hot summer night in 1959, when his group was playing Birdland. After escorting a young white girl out of the club to a taxi, he was standing on the sidewalk when a patrolman came by and asked him to move on. When Miles said, "I'm not going nowhere—I'm just getting a breath of fresh air," the patrolman threatened to arrest him. Miles said: "Go ahead, lock me up." The patrolman seized his arm, and a scuffle ensued during which a plainclothes detective passing by began hitting Miles with a blackjack. With blood dripping all over his clothes, Miles was taken to the police station where, with his distraught second wife, Frances, at his side, he was booked on charges of disorderly conduct and assault. At a hospital, ten stitches were taken in his scalp. After a lengthy series of legal maneuvers, a three-judge panel ruled that the Davis arrest had been illegal and the charge against him was erased. Miles decided to sue the city, but eventually dropped the whole matter in disgust. At the time of the incident he commented that it might never have happened if the girl he was escorting to the cab had been black.

LF: With your children gone and no wife, don't you miss having a family around you?

I don't believe in families. Like, if I die, my money ain't going to go to people just because they're close relatives. The people that are closest to me are the ones that helped me be able to do what I do, not just because somebody's my brother.

LF: Don't you feel close to your daughter or your grandson?

No, I don't. Do you?

LF: I have no grandson, but I feel close to my daughter. I think most people feel a closeness because of family ties.

Family ties are a lot of bullshit. That's what's fucking up this world. Sitting down at tea and all that shit. It doesn't go that way. In the first place, who wants to eat that much?

LF: That's not your nature, Miles, come on! If your daughter were sick and needed you, you'd go out and help her.

Help her do what? *No, man, that ain't nothing. If you said, "Miles, I need $500," and I had it, I'd send it to* you, *because that's the way I am. Money ain't shit, if it helps you and I don't need it for anything else, why shouldn't I send it to you? I don't live for my family, I live for myself.*

LF: Why did you get married if you don't believe in families?

Because they asked me. Every woman I ever married asked me. I figured it'd make them happy.

LF: You just made an admission. You're willing to do something to make somebody happy.

Of course!

LF: That's the same thing I was asking about your daughter.

I didn't say I wouldn't go out there. If she had any trouble I'd go out there to see what was wrong with her. I still don't have any family ties. When my mother was sick I went to see her in the hospital; I knew she was dying of cancer. But when she died, I didn't go to the funeral.

Though, as our conversation revealed, he is emotionally vulnerable, he prefers to keep his defenses up, cultivate the image that has led *Jet* to refer to him as "Terrible Tempered Miles." Willing though he is to display genuine anger, cynicism, cruelty and heavy sarcasm, he is no less capable of tenderness, generosity and idealism.

In the light of Miles' life as an avocational boxer, a comment by Clark Terry seems apposite: "I have a feeling that Miles is rather like Sugar Ray Robinson on the ropes, when he wants to psyche out his opponent. Ray had a way of leaning on the ropes and faking, to the point where the opponent would say, 'I've got this cat now,' and then he would grab one hand with the rope and wail like hell with the other hand, and in most instances he'd floor the other guy. Miles uses all kinds of psychology in dealing with people."

As Quincy Jones once observed, "Miles is always trying to hide all that warmth, beauty and romanticism; it's a tough job for him, and it shows through when he plays." And Gillespie affirms: "Basically Miles is very shy; that's the whole thing. You know, I know him probably better than he knows himself. I was talking to his daughter Cheryl in St. Louis, and I said, 'Did you know that your father is really a very bashful man?' and she said, 'Yeah, I've always known that, but nobody else can dig it; he puts up that front to cover up the shyness.' What I really respect about him is he won't be a phony for anyone. He was the first one that came along in our business and figured he didn't have to smile at everyone, didn't have to tell no jokes or make no announcements, didn't have to say thank you or even bow. He figured he could just let the music speak for him, and for itself."

Three or four decades ago Louis Armstrong, once he was accepted by musicians as the supreme instrumental catalyst of his day, reached the masses by being, onstage, exactly what they wanted him to be. Davis, after gaining a similar in-group acceptance, went on to amass his material luxuries and massive income tax problems by doing precisely the opposite, defying the public to like him, insisting that he be accepted purely for the intrinsic value of his music.

That he has attained this objective is a measure of the distance jazz has traveled during the past half-century, from the level of entertainment and comedy, aimed primarily at the lowest common intellectual denominator to its present eminence as a musical idiom admired and dissected by serious students all over the world. It is an accomplishment never before registered by any of the lively arts. Miles Davis—black, volatile, stubborn, and resilient just like jazz itself—may well take pride in the role he has played in bringing us along with him to this lofty plateau.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

door, my husband said he was going to take a nap. Taking that as my chance to talk with her alone, I invited her in. She walked in just as if she owned the place and I was getting more angry every second. Naturally, she pleaded innocent. At that, I told her I had a good mind to teach her a lesson. She was sitting on the edge of the divan and I was across from her standing up. Looking down at her she looked so young and those enormous breasts made her look larger than she was. I jumped for her and before she knew it I was digging my knees into her stomach and pushing her into the back of the divan. But to my surprise she got up, lifting me with her. By this time we were on the floor, rolling over and over and then I said: "I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget, you oversized big tit."

At that, she laughed and suddenly I was being held down. I couldn't move, she was so strong. She rolled me over on my stomach and held my arms behind my back. No matter how hard I struggled I couldn't get up. Then she said: "We'll see who teaches who a lesson." I grabbed her around the waist and we went at it again. After a few minutes my arms and legs were so tired from the effort of it all I just felt drained of strength. Then she really went to work on me. I had never been so humiliated and embarrassed in my life! Holding my arms behind my back, she bent me over her knees and held my arms behind me so it was useless to even try to move. With her other hand she unsnapped my bikini top and took it off. I just couldn't believe what was happening! After that, she held my head down with my legs sticking up in the air and yanked off my panties. Then she turned me over her knees again and pushed my arms so hard against my back that my tits were pointing straight out and with her free hand she began to pinch the nipples hard and twist them with her fingers. I didn't want to cry because I had already been humiliated enough. Just then, my husband walked in. If you could have seen the look on his face! He just sat down on the floor and watched! She lifted me to my feet, still holding my arms behind my back, and forced me to the floor. Then she started slapping my breasts over and over again, back and forth, back and forth, and saying: "What's it feel like to be titless? Tell me! What's it feel like to be titless!" She said she wouldn't let me up until I told her. But that wasn't enough for her. Stopping just long enough to unbuckle her belt she tied my hands together with it behind my back while she sat on my shoulders. Then she ordered me to crawl on my knees. And I did. It was then that I noticed my husband. He was actually enjoying it all!

Finally she pushed me onto my back and said: "And now, titless, I'm going to show you what a pair really look like." Very casually, just as if nothing had happened, she took off her bra and two of the most beautiful breasts I had ever seen were hanging over my head. They were full and firm and youthful. "Tell me you envy them, titless. Tell me you envy them!" I said I did not, so she started slapping my little ones again. She kept telling me to tell her I envied hers and then I said I did. Then she said, "Kiss them, titless, and wish they were yours." I did both. The grand finale came when she picked me up in her arms and carried me to the divan and laid me across her knees and spanked me as if I were a child. Tears rolled down my face it hurt so much and I was so sore. When she finished, she stood up and I slid down her legs and wrapped my arms around them, powerless. She left me on my knees, with my head touching the floor, and put her bra back on as if she had just taken a nap or something. The last I saw of her was her firm ass swinging out the door.

That night, my husband made love to me like I never knew he had it in him. His three and a half inches might as well have been ten! Connie left with her parents a few days after that. But now every time we see a girl with big breasts my husband just looks at me and laughs. And I would now say that I am more than satisfied. I learned a lesson the hard way but better late than never.—*Mrs. L.H. (name and address supplied), Durham, New Hampshire, U.S.A.*

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Anyone want the Pets' blood groups, fingerprints, IQs, voiceprints, pulse rates, chromosome types or whatever?—Ed.

Women and whips

I found the letter from L.T. of Harrow (vol 6 no 11) giving notes exchanged between two girls on the newfound pleasures of driving to be quite absorbing. This confirms my view that women *do* gain sexual satisfaction from whipping a horse. I think, however, that the obnoxious practice of docking and "gingering up" horses in bygone days must have been the invention of grooms—though women drivers *must* have known about it. Did they also approve the tying of knots at the end of the leash—an appendage which gave the whip extra sting, enough to produce weals that could be seen for days?

One reads that ladies of good birth, on mounting a carriage or dog cart, took little notice of the harness and trapping but would always examine the animal's head gear in detail, to see that the neck was rigid, the curb and bearing-rein tight, and that it was properly "bitted". It was considered undignified for a girl driver to lose control of a bolting horse. But if she tackled a spirited horse with equal spirit, and applied her whip vigorously, young bloods would have thought her sporty and to have plenty of "spunk".

A spirited horse is probably, to a woman, a symbol of masculine virility. Naughtiness (often caused by fear of the whip) is rewarded by the whip which must be taut and flexible. The Victorian mother always used a thin cane in preference to a strap or birch because she thought it more "genteel". Young girls prefer cutting whips to crops. I remember seeing an old advert for a harness-maker which read: "For Sale—saddles, bridles and ladies' driving whips". Why ladies' only? I was told of the craftsmanship and expertise required in making them. Ladies love them strong in the stem and light and pliable in the hand. They must also look attractive when returned to the holder. Small wonder the teenage girl wished mother had been given a horse instead of a car!—*E.A. (name and address supplied), Nottingham.*

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